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The Week

PRESS comment on Mr. Balfour's attitude toward debt cancellation indicates pretty clearly that American public opinion is by no means so unenlightened as it was two years or even one year ago. The newspapers which still regard the Allied debts simply as collectible assets to be applied to the relief of taxation are conspicuously in the minority, and are equally conspicuous for their inferiority of intellectual position. Given the fulfilment of certain conditions, the best newspaper opinion would be perfectly willing to entertain the idea of a scaling or even a cancellation of the Allied debt to America. And those conditions are creditable to both the idealism and the common sense of America. Let the European powers assure us first of all that they are through with the insane folly of war plans and preparations. Let them sink their old animosities and try to work together in mutual tolerance to repair the shattered structure of civilization. They might then reasonably ask America for relief from the war debts and for credits for reconstruction. As it is, they are in effect asking for relief in order that they may better apply their resources to the purposes of destruction.

WITH this view The New Republic concurs. We do not relish the reproach that the United States is playing the rôle of Shylock, demanding the pound of flesh from debtors who can not pay. The case against Shylock would not, however, have been so telling if his victim had been, instead of a gentle merchant, a swashbuckling brigand whose release would simply have meant more throats cut. We should like to see a sane and pacific France relieved of her debts to America and England. But a France which permits M. Poincaré to proceed unchecked in a pernicious diplomacy which draws Europe steadily toward another war and an epoch of anarchy does not make a very powerful appeal to American sympathies.

NEVERTHELESS, America can not with a clear conscience hold aloof while Europe rights herself or goes to ruin. There is a definite obligation of assuming the initiative, when there is a fair reason for believing that it may prove effective. It would be an act of monumental folly for the United States to wipe out the debts forthwith. To propose a conference on the state of Europe, financial and military, in which the United States would participate, prepared to scale or cancel the debts if reasonable conditions were met, would be an act of wise statesmanship. It may be that such a conference would come to nought. Possibly Poincaré would prefer holding Germany to obligations she can never meet to relief from a debt on which France is not paying anything, and no more sincerely intends to pay anything than Russia intends to pay the Tsar's debts. Possibly the French people would back Poincaré up in such a stand. Only a full discussion in conference could establish the facts. If, then, it turns out that France is

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determined to drag Europe down in ruin and go under herself with the rest, we might be morally justified in turning our backs on the whole problem and leaving war and famine and pestilence to rage unchecked in the desert that was once civilized Europe.

THE present Franco-German crisis springs out of the war policy toward enemy private property. During the war the French seized all German property, including the credits of German business men against French nationals. The Germans did the same thing to French property and credits. Allied and American victory validated the French seizures and disallowed the German. There is nothing abnormal in that: the victor does what he pleases. What is abnormal is the present French method of collecting the sums due by the Germans to French nationals. Under the treaty these debts had been transformed into an obligation of the German government, for the practical reason that most of the private debtors would have been found bankrupt or dead. It is a government obligation like any other. As the German government does not pay, whether because of incapacity or contumacy, Poincaré threatens to levy upon the property of German nationals, in commercial credits in France, in property holdings in Alsace Lorraine, the Rhine province or elsewhere. There are good mediaeval precedents for such a procedure. If it were to become general in our time international economic relations as we know them would become impracticable.

RAYMOND RECOULY declared, at the Institute of Politics at Williams College, that Russian reconstruction "will mean, as a matter of fact, more a colonization than a reconstruction." The French official policy toward Russian reconstruction could not be more neatly expressed. What is remarkable is that M. Recouly still expects the colonization policy to succeed, after the Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenich, Wrangel experiments. We do not know anything about M. Recouly's antecedents, but we would wager good money that he is descended from one of those eighteenth century émigrés "who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing."

THE Railroad Labor Board bears the chief responsibility not only for the beginning of the strike, but for its continuance. The Board not only failed to put forth its offer to reopen the wage issue in time to prevent a strike but through its chairman it promptly interposed the most serious obstacle to a settlement in the seniority issue. All that the railroad executives needed to do in reply to the President's proposals was to quote:

> Upon one question the striking employees should not be deceived. Their leader has said that the strikers are no longer employees of the railways, and they have thus automatically abandoned all the rights they possess under their agreements and under the decisions of the board, including their seniority. This is not the board's action. It is their own. Many carriers are giving their former employees the opportunity to re-enter the service within a limited time. It must be understood now that men who remained in the service and those who are now entering it will have rights of seniority that the board could not ignore.

President Harding, on the other hand, according to the New York Tribune, holds that seniority is an equity belonging to employees by right of service, no more to be alienated by temporary abstention from such service than is a life insurance policy rendered invalid by a temporary lapse of a premium payment, and that in promising strike-breakers the seniority of men whose places they took the railroads tendered something which they had no right to give. So the Railroad Labor Board continues to be He Who Gets Flouted first by the railroads, then by the men, now by the President.

THE World, having got off on the wrong foot in the matter of the shopmen's strike, persists in keeping thumpingly out of step. It recites that the shopmen were bound to be beaten, they were beaten, they still are beaten. Their willingness to accept the President's proposal proves it. Of course it proves nothing of the kind. The decision of the Labor Board against which they struck was a decision by a body without power to enforce its awards against the companies. The continuance of contracting out and of the practice of organizing hand-picked company unions strictly limited the action of the Labor Board. Its awards had to be acceptable to the companies. If they were unacceptable to the employees, the latter could go on strike and be put out of their jobs. The President's proposal, if accepted, would mean a new state of affairs. The companies would be compelled to observe awards, even if distasteful to them. The position of labor would be decidedly stronger than before the strike. Settlement on the President's terms would be a draw, and a drawn battle would indicate the closing of the epoch of successive labor defeats. The companies understand that, if the World does not.

THE unique position which Senator Borah holds at this time is the result partly of the floundering ineptitude of the titular leaders of the national

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legislature and executive, partly of his own courage, honesty, disinterestedness. Every generous cause, every liberal movement finds hope in his support. Recognition of the government of Russia, withdrawal from Haiti, amnesty for political prisoners, surrender of claims against Europe in return for disarmament, settlement of the coal strike by honest conference after thorough investigation—all these measures find a spokesman in Borah. He is the point of the spear. It is natural in these circumstances that he should be thought of as a leader around whom a new liberal or progressive party could rally. The causes of which he is champion together provide him with a platform to which every liberal will subscribe.

NO two members of the Senate are objects of more sincere hatred to Wilsonians than Reed, the Democrat, and Lodge, the Republican. Both are fighting for their political lives in the present campaign, and the scalps of both are sought as appeasing sacrifices to the manes of the leader whom they defied and destroyed. In Missouri, Reed was opposed in the primaries by Breckenridge Long, one of Wilson's special group of gentlemanly ineffectives, and the battle was largely fought on the issue of Reed's attitude toward Wilson and the League of Nations. Reed's victory may have been achieved by the aid of Republican votes in the Democratic primary. At all events his margin is too small to make the result one of decisive importance.

CRAFTY Orientals ought to be kept out of diplomatic conferences. The London Conference laughed it off, but inwardly the trained European diplomats must have groaned over Baron Hayashi's remark that, after all, the object of all the Allies was simply to get as much money as they could out of Germany. Truth in diplomacy is like a counterfeit dollar in finance. To circulate it is crooked business. Justice, peace, international unity, dealt out with fingers crossed are the true currency of diplomacy.

GREEK pressure for permission to seize Constantinople dates from the first days of the Armistice of Mudros, by which the war with Turkey was ended. The city since a year ago has been under British occupation, in which French and Italian forces have participated. Athens tried throughout the previous Allied occupation to realize by hook or by crook the old Venezelist ambition for the seat of the Caliphate. The British government quite insincerely supported the plan this spring, when Angora refused the latest attempt to bring peace between the Turkish Nationalists and the Greeks of the peninsula. This was done as a club to bring to terms the Turks of all factions who have long been united. The threat has failed. The Greek population of Constantinople is about 200,000 out of a million odd. The city was given to Russia in a secret wartime agreement. A Greek occupation could at most serve as a temporary move in the larger, and at present seemingly hopeless, Near Eastern problem; yet it is hard to see how the measure could avoid greater embarrassments in other quarters, such as Syria and Palestine, where jealousies among the Allies themselves are now at fever heat over concessions under the League of Nations mandates. France and Italy most strongly oppose the plan. In the long run nothing could be more disastrous to British imperial policy in the East than so superlative a flouting of Moslem sensibilities. No man would consent to evacuation more reluctantly than General Harington, Commander-in-Chief of the small British force on the Bosphorus.

A SUMMER school of liberal opinion will be held at Siasconset, Nantucket Island, September 3rd to 24th. A number of educators, publicists, writers of a liberal turn of mind will give informal lectures or lead round table discussions, on history, economics, labor, art, literature, with the aim of stimulating thought rather than imparting information, and encouraging the asking of questions rather than answering them. Among the lecturers are James Harvey Robinson, Albert Jay Nock, E. E. Slosson, William Bullitt, Everett Dean Martin, Dr. and Mrs. James P. Warbasse, Frank P. Walsh, Harry W. Laidler, and Miss Louise Brown. People who are attracted by such a summer school—and they should be many—are asked to write to Mr. Frederick C. Howe (Siasconset, Massachusetts), to whom belongs the greater share of the credit for organizing it.

What Seniority Means

THE seniority rights which the railroad executives are refusing to the striking shopmen concern pensions, preference of jobs, and security of tenure. Pensions are offered by many roads to superannuated employees, not merely in order to provide against old age, but also for the purpose of keeping down labor turnover and holding together a force of experienced and competent men. The pension right is not one which involves precedence of one man over another, but depends solely on the date of entering service. Seniority in preference does not mean what it means in the

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army—that there is a regular line of promotion up to the first rank along which the men of longest service proceed automatically. It means that when a preferable job is open within a certain class of mechanics such as that on a day shift, or that of a petty foreman, out of the men who apply for the transfer, the man of longest service receives preference. If a man applies for promotion to a position for which his training and experience do not fit him, seniority avails him nothing. In the matter of tenure, seniority means that when men are laid off, the latest comers to the shop are laid off first.

The railroads would lose rather than gain in operating efficiency by abrogation of the strikers' seniority rights. These rights aim at a contented working force in which the men of longest experience and stability hold the most important jobs. The executives claim to be actuated rather by their sense of honor in keeping promises made to non-strikers.

The men now at work in the shops may be divided into three classes—those who did not strike in the first place, those who struck but subsequently went back to work either for their former employers or for other roads, and new employees. The percentage of men who did not strike at all is very small. Most of them were already high on the seniority lists—many of them were in fact within a few weeks or months of retirement and were permitted to remain at work for that reason by the unions themselves. The number of men in this class who would gain anything by the loss of the strikers' seniority rights is therefore entirely negligible. The number of men who struck but subsequently went back to work—most of them for new employers—is stated by the executives to be large, and by the unions to be less than one per cent. However numerous they may be, the maintenance of seniority rights by the strikers would bring most of these deserters back to work at their old places, with the seniority to which their previous experience had entitled them. They would lose exactly nothing in the matter of pensions—the most important of the rights to the men. They would be in no danger of being laid off, since shop forces were almost at a minimum when the strike started and will have to be greatly augmented for months to come. They would lose little in chances of preference, since this is a strictly limited right.

We have then to consider principally the interests of the strikebreakers proper. Not many of these are competent railroad mechanics. A large proportion of them will have to be dispensed with in the interests of pure efficiency the moment the labor of the strikers again becomes available. The executives have not obligated themselves to retain the incompetent, in spite of any seniority pledge. As many of the new men as are competent will have to be retained in any case on account of the abnormally heavy percentage of bad-order cars and the demands of traffic. These men could not benefit in pension rights at the expense of the strikers, because pensions depend only on the date of entering service. If the strikers returned without seniority, the strikebreakers would gain merely in the limited right of preference for positions for which their experience does not fit them. How sacred the executives would be likely to regard such a seniority right, once the strike is settled, the reader may guess.

The sacredness of pledges to non-strikers is, therefore, a slender reason for the executives to advance in refusing to settle the strike on the President's terms. But if seniority means little to the strikebreakers, is it so vital to the strikers that they might not compromise on it?

If the strikers surrendered on this point they would lose their valuable pension rights—which, be it noted, the non-strikers would not gain. More important than this, however, they would lose security of tenure, and would thus permit the executives to cripple the unions and penalize the leaders by not permitting the key men to return to service. Any union which ends a strike without insisting on the reinstatement of all members without prejudice admits defeat and faces annihilation.

The tactics of the railroad executives are thus made clear. By rejecting the President's terms in the matter of seniority, they are, in the main, putting on a bold front from which people may infer that they expect to win a complete victory. This front is calculated to impress the public, but still more the strikers. If the strikers believe the railroads can win, they may drift back to work and thus cause the railroads to win. So far, the indications are that this bluff has had its effect upon the newspapers, but not upon the strikers.

If the railroads did win on these terms, their victory would not be to the advantage of the strikebreakers or to railroad service. It would amount to "disciplining" the unions by annihilation. This discipline would be applied as a punishment for refusal to accept a decision of the Railroad Labor Board. It would not be applied by the Board or by the government, both of which have been willing to forego punishment, presumably in recognition of the fact that the strike was legal and had strong justification. It would be applied by executives who have themselves committed the first and most flagrant violations of the Board's decisions.

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The Backwash of Unemployment

UNEMPLOYMENT in its passive form, which was the salient feature of the maladjustment between labor and capital a year ago, has given place in public interest to more acute industrial difficulties. The last government reports on the situation, before it was complicated by the coal and railroad strikes, were optimistic. It would be a mistake to assume, however, that once these strikes are settled the employment situation will revert to normalcy and need give us no more concern. While it is true that according to official reports the number of men seeking jobs has diminished, we have no means of knowing how many of these men have returned to permanent employment, how many have fallen into the class of migratory and seasonal workers, how many have dropped out of the industrial army altogether. The economic loss which the country sustains owing to the idleness of its workers can be calculated; the moral loss through deterioration of the workers can never be ascertained.

The first resort of the worker out of a job is the employment office. Early last fall the public placing agencies were thronged. At the present time there is a notable diminution in registration, but to what extent this is due to the success of the agencies in placing men and to what extent to their failure, and the consequent indifference of their patrons, cannot be precisely determined. In some cases, noted by a recent investigator, the agencies which used to afford a place to sit, smoke and talk have banished benches, forbidden pipes, and enforced silence, so that frequentation is discouraged. Whatever success may have attended the appeal of the President's Conference to local authorities to develop opportunities for employment, it is obvious that the occasion to establish a national system of labor registration, information, and exchange was lost; and the next unemployment crisis will find the country as unprepared as the last.

The second resort of the unemployed is mendicancy. The extent to which this evil increased last winter was startling, and still more the change in attitude on the part of the beggars. For men out of work without fault on their part felt naturally that the blame rested upon society; and they put a conscious truculence into their demand upon society for the means of life. Panhandling became warfare. Possibly because so many of the unemployed had been in service, they organized mendicancy in a fashion which we associate only with the Orient. An observer found a group of men in Detroit numbering at times sixty, who cooperated in the support of an establishment, each giving two days a week to the panhandling for the common stock. Clothes, food, blankets, utensils, all were collected as tribute from a society which denied their elementary right to a livelihood.

The third resort of the man out of work is crime. In the twilight of the saloon the homeless and jobless are thrown back upon the pool room, and other resorts where the influences are worse, where without the compensation of liquor men tend to see red. After all, between panhandling in a spirit of aggression and holding up by a threat of violence, the dividing line is easily crossed. The difference between assaulting a number of people for small sums, and one person for a large one becomes morally indistinguishable, especially with a tutor in crime at hand to point out that the result accomplished by the beggar in a week could be achieved by the thief in an hour. The crime waves reported from nearly all large cities in the past winter were due to the great amount of material in the raw, lying ready to hand for the professional criminals. The novices furnished a large percentage of the captured who have filled prisons to overflowing. It was recognition of this fact that led Governor Blaine of Wisconsin to offer pardon out-of-hand to those prisoners who had been in military service.

A fact which struck anyone in contact with the unemployed last autumn was the large number of ex-service men among them, and the further fact that these men had grounds for believing themselves discriminated against in the assignment of work. The explanation, which was easily verified from the employers' side, was that the ex-soldiers were thought to have too much independence and initiative. Similarly it is reported that among the residue of the army of the unemployed at present there is an astonishingly large proportion of Americans, and for the same reason. Much of the work provided under the stimulus of the appeal of the Conference could necessarily be offered only at low wages and under difficult conditions. Many contracts for road-building and other public enterprises were let at such figures as to compel the exploitation of labor. Not only were wages low, but food was poor and charged for at war prices, and shovels were large and bosses exigent. In short, conditions were such that the jobs provided fell largely to foreigners, as more patient and docile than Americans; and on the other hand Americans in many cases refused, as a matter of loyalty, to accept work offered at wages under conditions which amounted to a degradation of labor.

Owing to this sifting of the army of the unem-

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ployed its present residue does not offer a large resource in the matter of strike breaking. Although the crafts unions with some exceptions have held a hostile or apathetic attitude toward the unemployed, the latter are not in the main disposed to take advantage of the difficulties in which organized labor is involved. Undoubtedly some of the men who walked the streets last winter will be found next winter in the places of railroad shopmen or miners who in their turn will be dispossessed. Possibly the cessation of work on a large scale this summer will leave more to be done in certain directions next winter, but this hope is likely to prove illusory. There is no good reason for confidence that we shall escape another season of wide-spread unemployment. Then the palliative and sporadic remedies of the present year will have revealed their futility, and we shall unwillingly pay another bill of indemnity for our failure either to make peace in the industrial world or to exercise common foresight in measures of preparedness, in view of continuing warfare.

Some Russian Realities

AMONG knots which have earned the name of Gordian none was ever tighter bound than the Russian. In a rapid and apparently fruitless succession of conferences statesmen and their train of experts have for the last years been trying to loosen it. So illogically and variously have they gone about the job that now it appears as a whole series of knots, a tangle in which bonds, private property, oil, famines, things ethical, practical, human and inhuman are inextricably confounded.

The next time the statesmen have a go at it—this process recurs several times a year—they would do well to read, mark and learn beforehand the extraordinarily interesting and informing Russian number edited by John Maynard Keynes and just published by the Manchester Guardian as the fourth of Mr. Keynes' admirable numbers on Reconstruction in Europe. We recommend it not only to those who, somehow or other, have become our leaders but to all their constituents in any country whose minds remain, on the subject of Russia, even to the smallest extent open. For it is, on the whole, as able a symposium of common sense and as complete a harvest of those facts in which sensible opinions have their beginning as we have seen on the question. There are articles on its various facets from Mr. Keynes himself, from Lord Robert Cecil, from Painlevé, Samuel Gompers, Walter Lippmann, Nansen, Gorki, Lunacharski, and some half dozen chiefs and experts of the Soviet government departments.

Mr. Keynes' own remarks are as brilliant and clear-headed as anything he has written. Take for instance his illuminating analysis of British policy:

> Our first reaction was alarm at the political competence of the Revolutionary Power, lest it extend its influence westwards. Under this motive we expended money in futile military expeditions. Our next reaction, that which now sways us, is alarm at the economic incompetence of the Revolutionary Power, and at its possible effects on our own economic health. Under this motive we are considering the expenditure of money in economic expeditions of reconstruction. But we hesitate lest this expenditure also, unless it is on a greater scale than we can afford, may be as futile as the former.

And what he says about the bonds ought to be shouted from every housetop to a world that still insists on warming the corpse of its illusions. "If we saw our way clearly on the main issue, the claims of the bondholders would not keep us back. It is in the nature of revolutions, wars and famines to wipe out the vested claims and private wealth of individuals. It is useless to be indignant with the lightning or fearful lest a volcano create precedents."

None of his authors, he is glad to say, speaks much of bonds.

Certainly Lord Robert Cecil's contribution is characteristically free from such a preoccupation. "No sane man can really believe that Russia can pay her pre-war or post-war debts, or even a substantial part of them, for very many years." And how futile, he reminds us, is any insistence on a recognition of the principle of private property: "No one in the City of London will advance one farthing more for investment in Russia because the Soviet repudiates the whole of its economic theories." He has even less patience with the demand for political guarantees as insurance against propaganda. "If all the Russian Commissars came over in a body and preached Marxism throughout the country the effect would be less than nothing . . . such a campaign would be as fatal to Communism as the efforts of the excellent Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson were to prohibition."

The facts brought to light and recounted by the Russian government's experts, in their summaries (evidently written with an eye to the persuasion of British traders) of the state of their transport, agriculture, finances and labor are too detailed to be gone into here. What should perhaps chiefly concern us is the toll of the dead, and the hideous chance that so many of the living have of being added to that unimaginable number before their time. M. Strumilin, of the State Economic Plan-

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ning Commission, has compiled a chart which could arouse nothing, unless it be in the heart of some Infernal undertaker, but a ghastly pity. It shows, in ominous black, the great slice that war and famine, civil war and blockade, have carved from the men and women of useful age, and from the children under six. Of Russia's men of working age, the years since 1914 have wiped 28.8 percent from the face of the earth. The total of women of the same category is less by 11.7 percent, and of the children born since then not more than two-thirds are now alive. In one particular the chart is cheering: the block line has not eaten its way into the children between six and sixteen. Everything else has been sacrificed to keep them alive.

What of the famine? M. Osinski (Assistant Commissary for Agriculture) shows plainly that its shadow will not be banished so long as the terrible deficit in horses, seed grain and implements is not made up. Dr. Nansen, while he handsomely refers to the work of the American Relief Administration as "one of the redeeming features in the history of our generation," does not agree with its directors that the famine has been definitely relieved. There is every probability, he says, "that the harvests this summer will be so inadequate that there will be almost as great a number of people starving next winter as there has been this."

How utterly, fantastically remote from this hunger, these ruins, this black weather which still menaces from over the rim of the next year, is Dr. Alfred L. P. Dennis's summary of American Policy Toward Soviet Russia. It is an article highly appropriate to Mr. Keynes' number, for it reflects, with velvet brutality, that high official fastidiousness and moral self-complacency of ours with regard to Russia which recalls one who could not bring himself to save a drowning man because they had never been properly introduced.

And Mr. Gompers—but let Mr. Keynes take care of Mr. Gompers:

> Dr. Nansen sends me a photograph of a boy with strained and upturned eyes and awful look, who has killed and eaten his sister. Mr. Gompers tells us that American Labor feels it necessary to stand aside until that boy has a government which "exists by the freely expressed sanction of the people over which it seeks to rule."

Years from now, when those who are proud of what we did for Russia have disappeared, we shall look back and see how very little we really tried to help that land from becoming a desolate museum of human misery.

The Flavor of Harvard

NO true Harvard man is prejudiced against the "Jews as such." True Harvard men are liberals, in matters of race and religion at least. But among Harvard liberals one hears, in numerous variations, a plausible argument for Jewish restriction. We do not know the origin of the argument. Some day, no doubt, an historian trained in the Ecole des Chartes will collect all the variants, classify them, snip off the accretions of profane origin and establish the inspired source. In the meantime we have to take it as we find it.

There is, so the argument runs, such a thing as a tradition, a flavor, that hangs about an historic institution like Harvard. A Harvard man can be recognized, wherever he goes, as a Harvard man, in no way to be confused with a Yale man, a Princeton man or any other of the multitudinous academic breeds. This peculiar flavor is a thing of unique value. It is what men send their sons to Harvard to attain, rather than any mere form of scholarly equipment. And those who are responsible for the conduct of the institution owe it to themselves and to the alumni and to everyone else revering the name of Harvard, to maintain the conditions under which this flavor may be imparted.

The Harvard flavor can be imparted successfully to men of any race or religion—so the argument continues. A Jew, a Mohammedan, a Chinese, a Maori may take the flavor perfectly. But it is not to be denied that the flavor is most easily imparted to men of the old New England stock. Others take it effectively only when they are well immersed in social groupings of the original character. They must therefore be present in relatively small numbers; to change the metaphor, they must not increase beyond the saturation point. Five Jews to the hundred will necessarily undergo prompt assimilation. Ten Jews to the hundred might assimilate. But twenty or thirty—no. They would form a state within a state. They would cease to take an active part in the general life of the college, social, artistic, athletic, and address themselves single mindedly—so it is argued—to carrying off the honors for scholarship, with the inevitable result of transforming such honors into a Jewish earmark. What they got out of Harvard might be worth their time and effort, but it would not be the priceless Harvard flavor. Thus it appears that, in the interest of the Jews as well as in the interest of the Gentiles, the number of Jews ought to be kept below the saturation point. Better one true Jewish Harvard man than ten mere Jewish scholars.

The argument is plausible. But before we

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accept it and its consequences let us look a little more closely at the position Harvard occupies, or has occupied in American life. Harvard is essentially a public institution. Let us therefore look at the matter from the point of view of the public, the multitude outside rather than the few within. The public is usually behind the times in its conceptions of institutions. So let us set our minds back to the sunny nineties, in the hey-day of President Eliot's sway. What did Harvard stand for, in the eyes of the earnest young men on this side of and beyond the Appalachians? Why did so many of them place burdens, weighing like the German indemnity, upon their fathers' budgets to enroll themselves at Harvard? Why did others who could not compass Harvard feel themselves fated for life to be of the lesser breeds without the law?

Because Harvard looked to them like a light, a great white light upon the eastern horizon. Harvard stood for freedom of thought, of expression, of personality. In the lesser institutions one was always being dragooned. If one were a student in the University of Broken Bow one had to be always ready even in the teeth of the truth to boast the superiority of one's alma mater over the University of Red Oak. If one had a strong back, it was not his to bend over Hume or Goethe. It belonged to the foot ball team. If one had a golden voice it belonged to the glee club; a voice of brass, it belonged to the debating club. Had Red Oak insinuated religious lukewarmness at Broken Bow? Then every alma mater's son of Broken Bow had to join the Y. M. C. A., attend Bible Class under the dean. In short, once registered, one had abdicated his personality to Broken Bow. But at Harvard one could be free, and oneself. If one chose to go to the bottom of a subject, there was no bland, vacuous dean to say, "But you must think, not of yourself, but of Broken Bow. Lucretius takes too much time; English 17 will give you the leisure you need for the team."

In the Middle Ages any serf who could conceal himself for a year and a day in a chartered city became a free man. "City air makes free." Harvard to our college youth of the nineties, was the city whose air gave freedom. And wherever one encountered those year-and-a-day freemen in the faculties, in the professions, in business, one felt a definitely liberating leaven at work. There was no college so narrow minded and mean spirited that it did not give at least lip service to the freedom of inquiry at Harvard.

The Harvard of Eliot and the scholars and idealists exerted influence upon all American academic institutions, an influence making for liberation and a genuine respect for the individual. But times have changed, and perhaps Harvard ought to set out to generate a new kind of influence. The color of white light, the flavor of cold water are perhaps out of fashion; the present need may be for something more piquant or more subtil. The ideal of a republic of letters may be obsolete; possibly we ought to prepare for a world of cliques and castes, with esprit de corps as a substitute for public service. Possibly. But just try for a moment to penetrate the mists that hang over the future. Do we appear to be entering upon a period of quiescence and crystallization, intellectual, social, political? Or do we find all our values and institutions in a process of flux, presaging mighty changes in the future, to which the masses of the population can adapt themselves frictionlessly only if well supplied with leaders of personal courage and clear intelligence? We think that nobody doubts that great changes are coming, or denies that the next generation most of all will stand in need of intelligent leadership. Yet our premier institution for the training of leaders is occupying itself with flavors and savors, nuances and shades.

Not that we disparage these things absolutely. They may be very nice in their proper place. Let the University of Broken Bow be flavored and nuanced to suit its own taste. Let the seventh sons of the seventh sons of Harvard form a club, if they choose, and flavor it highly or subtly as they like. But a flavor for the whole of a great public institution like Harvard? It is a fair rule that flavors widespread become an abomination. The flavor of fish may be very delectable, in a tureen. In the public water supply it is discouraging.

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The President

THE President stands behind a flat desk The reporters stand in a thick ring opposite him.

The President is looking at a lot of slips of paper. They lie on the desk. They contain questions which we have written out. He looks at these questions. He shuffles them. He sorts them. His head is bent.

I think away from him for a moment to Capitol Hill. There the Senate is meeting. There the House of Representatives is not meeting. The House of Representatives is back home asking its constituents how they like the Ship Subsidy Bill.

In this time of national crisis the presence of the House is not thought necessary. We have the President.

The President lifts a slip of paper. His hand is raised. He begins to talk. His head is still bent.

The question is about coal. The President has learned some things about coal. He tells them to us. They are about the coal industry as an industry.

People have just told him these things. They have surprised him. They surprise us. Very few coal operators live in Washington. They come here and tell us things usually only when there is trouble.

The President analyzes some of this trouble to us. He still does not lift his head. He still keeps looking down at his desk. He shuffles and sorts the remaining questions while he is answering this one. His voice is very low. We sometimes find it hard to catch what he is saying.

I think away from him again for a moment to the statesmen on Capitol Hill. The Senate is meeting there, but by no means unanimously.

La Follette is getting renominated in Wisconsin. Johnson is getting renominated in California. Sutherland with the same aim has gone as far away as West Virginia, Pomerene as far away as Ohio, McKellar as far away as Tennessee, Poindexter as far away as Seattle.

McCormick makes visits to New York and makes visits to Chicago in discharge of his duty. His duty is to promote the restoration of Republican senators to their seats. He is Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee.

The Senatorial absentees are numerous. The situation does not recall them. Public opinion does not recall them. The primaries and the elections demand them elsewhere. We in Washington do not demand them here. In this time of national crisis the presence of Senators is not thought necessary. We have the President.

The President takes up a question about railroads. Railroads are complicated. These complications have surprised the President. They surprise us. Very few railroad magnates live in Washington. They come here and tell us things usually only when there is trouble.

We know what to do with a trouble. We meet it at the Union Station and escort it to the White House.

The President is very carefully dressed. He was always very carefully dressed. He still is. The clothes are the same. The face is different.

It is more impersonal than it used to be. It is more presidential. It is at the same time more intense. It is flushed with more feelings. It is weightier with more understandings of more things.

People have urged him to crush the strikers. He does not tell us about those people but we know about them. They belong to the sort of people who have been most intimate with the President. They belong to the sort of people who are widely supposed to have put the President into office. The labor leaders call him the tool of those people. He asks the labor leaders to the White House.

A distinguished Republican from New England arrives and tells us that New England is shocked that the President asked Mr. Lewis of the miners to the White House. He says that a proper consideration of the circumstances must bring it about that the President will ask the leaders of the railroad unions to jail. A few days pass. The President asks the leaders of the railroad unions also to the White House.

We know that his talks with them are very intense. He tells them what he thinks about their legal right to strike, and about the moral limit to their legal right to strike. He tells them what he thinks about what they say about him. He tells them many things. They assure him that they realize that he is President; and then they tell many things to him.

He learns. They tell him about adjustment boards on railroads. It was established that he was opposed to such boards. It is now established that he will promote an inquiry into the merits of such boards.

He learns from people. He learns from his neighbors when his neighbors have a trouble on their minds to tell him.

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From his neighbors in the labor movement in these strikes he now knows much more than he knew before. It embarrasses his philosophy. It interrupts it. His philosophy is hit.

He believes in the moral supremacy of the majority. He believes that the moral supremacy of the majority is the maintenance of civilization. He believes that the voice of the majority is the road to public righteousness. That is what he believes. He finds now, as a fact, that a minority exists which is able to mention many things in which the representatives of the majority—the representatives of the Republic—do not seem to have arrived at righteousness.

He reverts nevertheless to his confidence in the majority, in civilization, in the Republic. He puts a slip of paper back down on his desk and lifts his head. He speaks with passion.

When he speaks with passion, it is of what civilization requires of its beneficiaries; it is of what the Republic commands to its citizens. In principle —for him—the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board must be always right. Yet—in calmness—he remembers now that sometimes they have been wrong. He proceeds to save his philosophy and his neighbors simultaneously. He suggests:

Let us all go back to where we were, and let us all begin again, and with better information let us firmly see to it that the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board shall hereafter always be publicly right. Thus civilization will continue.

If in order that civilization may continue, it is necessary that the railroad managers should yield, let them yield.

He comes to this view. He comes to it against the mighty in his party. He comes to it without colleagues in the state.

He has no colleagues. He has only subordinates and rivals.

In London last year I observed a group of members of the House of Commons avert the strike of the Triple Alliance by listening to a statement by a labor leader and by carrying a compelling conclusion from that statement to their colleague Mr. David Lloyd George and to their other colleagues in the Committee of the House of Commons called the British Cabinet.

This year in Washington at a similar moment I observe a ruler whom no one can approach as a colleague. The members of his cabinet may be his familiars; they remain in law and in fact his subordinates. The members of the legislative branch of the government may be his friends; they remain his rivals with a rivalry which is deadliest when it is politest.

It is politest in a time of trouble. The members of the legislative branch are foremost among the Washingtonians who hasten to see a trouble safely from the train to the White House door.

By the constitution the Congress is the Congress at all times. By the constitution it at all times has a duty of initiative. By practice in a time of trouble it has a duty of abdication.

Senator Borah introduces a resolution on a thing to be done when these strikes are over. It is to be done when the Republic has been saved.

That Senator Borah should meanwhile help to save the Republic is not thought necessary. That his ninety-five colleagues in the Upper House and his four hundred and thirty-five colleagues in the Lower House should help to save the Republic is not thought necessary. We have the President.

I gaze with awe at this man whose legal responsibility his cabinet cannot share and whose duty his legislature will not direct. I gaze at him with still more awe when—besides his legislature—his whole country begins to abdicate in his favor.

Shall coal operators attempt to resume the operating of their properties? They are seen to wait till this man says so.

Shall workmen who wish to work be given the protection of the forces of the law in their communities? The governors of sovereign states are seen to wait till this man says so.

Shall we make plans for the just distribution of what coal we may have? A hundred and ten million people are seen to wait till this man says so.

They offer him leadership. In return he offers them a chance to give him a manifest mandate saying where to lead.

He believes in the moral supremacy of the majority. He believes that the voice of the majority is the road to public righteousness. He really believes it.

Under him our local authorities may have to resume being authorities. Under him the Congress may have to aspire to being the Congress even when the Republic is most in danger.

This man may save the Republic by not saving it without itself.

The Republic asks to be swallowed into one man. This man asks the Republic to remain the Republic.

He makes suggestions. He awaits a manifest mandate for compulsions.

He mentions a suggestion he has made and intimates that he thinks it may have value; and he pushes aside all the remaining questions on the table and is understood to be saying that there are no more answers. His voice drifts down out of hearing. We drift away out of the room.

WILLIAM HARD.

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The Land of the Shadow

I SUPPOSE there never was a country so filled with discomfort, physical and mental, as is Germany today. And certainly nowhere is the contrast between the internal and the external more striking. If you travel through the rich beauty of the summer country, or, as you pass one of the towns see the smoke-plumes waving prosperity from the factory chimneys, which in Germany do not disfigure the countryside as in some other countries, but mingle with it not unpleasantly; if you walk through the residential suburbs of the larger cities—you might very well think that all was well with Germany. If you were on a tour of discovery you might very well believe that Germany could pay whatever war-claims were made against her without any difficulty whatever. It is only when you come to look a little closer into things, to learn something of the daily life of the Germans, to listen, without sharing in the conversations, that you come to realize how universally they are living in the shadow; the Shadow of Fear.

Fear is notoriously the dominant feature of our post-war civilization everywhere—Fear and Suspicion. It has been my lot to visit some eighteen countries since the Armistice, and in only two of them have I failed to sense that grim brotherhood—in Mexico (perhaps she has long since become inured to whatever ills Fate may choose to send her) and in Vienna, because there things have already grown so bad that they cannot very well get any worse. You find other unpleasant war portents as well, of course—the universal increase of bad manners, for instance, which is as noticeable in London as in Rome, in Paris as in New York. But that and dishonesty, materialism and all the ugly breed that are become part of our daily life are all born of Fear and Suspicion. Of all the eighteen countries not one was so haunted with overmastering Fear as is Germany today.

Germany differs from other countries in that her fears are natural and well-founded. Close observers know that other countries are largely afraid of bogeys; that France's seeming militarism is largely due to fear of the Germany that was—rather than the Germany that is or will be; that America's seeming selfishness is due to fear of non-existent European cunning—and so on and so forth. But Germany as a whole and every individual German is haunted with fear of the real and the tangible—and with reason.

In the six weeks or so I have been in Germany I have not met or overheard one single German townsman with one cheerful word to say about the future. I have not met, or seen, one German townsman whose face showed anything but almost hopeless despair. Such people no doubt exist—but they are very few and far between. For the rest, they are afraid of themselves—for their individual fortunes—of their fellow-countrymen, of the neighbors, of the present and of the future. They know that they are slipping always faster down the abyss to utter chaos and confusion; that their commercial prosperity, of which their ill-wishers make such a point, is at its best illusory and that the crash that ends it may, must, come at any moment. They know that the cost of livelihood rises every day with the fall of the mark until sheer existence will soon be an impossibility for all but the richest, yet they know that if the mark rises in comparative value the inevitable commercial and industrial crisis will have arrived.. Already between the upper and the nether millstones, the unhappy German knows that it is only a question of time—of a very short time—until they meet and crush him out of existence. He is afraid of his own countrymen. He knows that a small, but very energetic party, will stop at nothing—as Dr. Rathenau's murder shows—to overthrow the Republic with the mad aim of plunging into a "revenge" war of desperation. He knows that the working-class, the day that the factory chimneys stop smoking, will be driven, even against their wills, into the arms of Bolshevism or sheer anarchy, as the one possible alternative to worse than Russian famine. He knows that the present Government is—and, from the very nature of things must be—weak and uncertain, unable to make the best even of the little good that the present situation offers. Certainly he has every reason to be afraid of the domestic situation.

He fears—he is horribly afraid—of the Allies, and more particularly of course, of France. He is convinced that the aim of the French is his destruction, that her present policy is merely to seize the slightest excuse—or none at all— to dismember the Empire and reduce its inhabitants to actual slavery. He is horribly, even absurdly, afraid of her colored troops. He is convinced that she is training up an army of millions of negroes to be used in crushing what is left of Germany into the dust. He is scarcely less afraid of England, whose apparently more liberal policy he fears to be a mask, hiding designs scarcely less drastic than those of France.

Those of us who knew Germany and the Germans before the war turned them, and a good many other people as well, into temporary lunatics, know that they are fundamentally not devils or barbarians but very ordinary human beings, material in some things, vulgar in others, with

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some unamiable qualities and other amiable ones, on the whole a cheerful, not unkindly people, taking a comfortable view of life, proud of their success, of their prosperity, of their homes and of themselves. I think if their worst enemy were to live among them now for a time, to study the lives they are leading, the load of fear which hangs over them from morning till night, to realize the very real desire not perhaps of all of them, but of the very great majority, for peace and the opportunity of re-making the world which is all in ruins about them, I think he would realize not only that they really are paying for the war—in other things besides money. I believe that, if he really understood, even the sternest-souled patriot might feel a little sorry for them, especially if he happened to remember the old English axiom, which so many people have forgotten, that your enemy, once beaten, is no longer your enemy. And I am quite certain that, with a little reflection, he would realize that the despair of a whole people may be even worse for the world than could be the result of refraining from giving the "coup de grace" to a former enemy who withstood you so forwardly.

It is true that I write of what I see in Germany and that very few Englishmen go to Germany nowadays—or care what happens there.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

Frankfurt a. M.

Workers' Education at Bryn Mawr

THIS summer, for the second time, Bryn Mawr College turned over its campus and buildings to a group of women workers in industry. Last year the work of the school was chiefly breaking ground. This year those concerned in the experiment have had an opportunity to work out more definite policies and educational methods and to make up their minds as to the value of a summer school of this character.

The two sessions of this school have added appreciably to the already growing mass of evidence that all over the country we need more special adult workers' classes, flexible enough to meet workers where they left off in their schooling and to give them what they themselves want. An examination of the application blanks for this year's school is illuminating on this subject. Only five out of the ninety-eight students had had an opportunity for even one year of high school. Several had left school at the end of the fourth or fifth grade. The girl who left school from lack of interest was decidedly the exception. Usually she had no choice in the matter. A garment worker from one of the Southern States described her feelings when she had to leave school and go to work thus:—

> "I kept saying over and over to myself, 'My body is going to keep right on growing till I'm a great big woman, like mother; but my mind ain't going to grow any more. All my life I've got to go round with a fourteen-year-old mind.'"

The Bryn Mawr School has probably had to meet the needs of a more varied group of students than any school has ever before tried to meet. Its student body this year included women from all sections of the country,—north, south, east and west. It included both organized and unorganized workers,—the woman who has no sense of being part of a labor movement or even part of a labor problem, as well as the battle-scarred veteran of the picket line. It included foreign-born workers of eleven different nationalities as well as native Americans. It included women ranging in age from nineteen to thirty-five. It included women who had left school at the end of the fourth grade and women who had been to high school for a year or two, women who were self-educated through wide reading and women who had read little. Just one thing did all these students have in common—each one had worked within the four walls of a factory and worked hard.

This variegated complexion of the school has made necessary corresponding flexibility in teaching methods. Classroom lectures and discussion hours are supplemented by tutorial hours during which the classes are divided into small groups ranging in size from three to eight. These hours are given over to discussion and explanation of difficult points in the lecture and often to supplementary work. The tutors also give individual attention to students who need it. In this way the student who is unsure of herself and timid about expressing her opinions does not get left behind. If she is found trying to swim beyond her mental depth she is rescued and towed into shallower water.

Relations between faculty and students thus become exceedingly informal and intimate. There are no marks and no formal examinations. These devices for estimating machine-made education are unnecessary. The administrative staff and the faculty know what each student is getting out of the school and each student knows what she is getting cut of the school. So why reduce it to A's and B's and C's?

The fact that many of the students are mature women, trained in the school of practical experi-

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ence, made it evident to the administrative staff at the outset that prescribed rules and regulations handed down from above would be an absurdity. The student body literally makes the school. The staff is an advisory body. When the question arose as to the propriety of wearing bloomers and knickers both on and off the campus, the question was put up to the Self-Government Association. Similarly the student body settled the momentous question whether or not there should be final examinations.

The variety of experience and inequality in mental training on the part of the students has given the teaching staff knotty problems to wrestle with. One of the chief of these problems is how to test satisfactorily the ability of applicants. Another question which is as yet only partly settled is how best to adapt the instruction to the varied abilities and varied needs of the different types of students. This year experimental psychological tests were given to the entire school. The showing of each student in these tests is being carefully compared with her showing in class work to determine whether or not this may be a fair method for estimating the type of instruction a student is capable of receiving.

The judgment of this year's students will have much to do with the methods applied next year. Each one registered her opinion of the aims and methods of the school before she went home and each one is expected to help discover in her own city the women best qualified to enter next year's classes.

The value of the Bryn Mawr Summer School is not altogether what happened last summer or this summer on the campus but also what happened last winter and what will happen next winter as a result of the school. If it creates a taste for more of itself, if it arouses a determination on the part of those who have attended the school to go on where they left off and to start all-the-year classes in their own cities, then it will, as the summers go by, give a noticeable impetus to workers' education. Last year's students made a creditable start in this direction and this year's class seems even more determined to carry over the Bryn Mawr School into next winter.

GENEVIEVE FOX.

The Coronado Case

THE enormous verdict of $600,000 was rendered by a jury, after a month's trial, against the United Mine Workers of America for an alleged violation of the Sherman Law. Judgment for that amount (to which was added a counsel fee of $25,000 and interest) was affirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit. The unanimous reversal by the Supreme Court of the two lower Federal Courts, in sustaining the jury's verdict, is so rare an occurrence in such a case that to a lawyer's mind, at least, it is the most dramatic fact about the decision in the Coronado Case. (United Mine Workers of America et al., vs. Coronado Coal Company et al., decided June 5, 1922.) If the Supreme Court had reversed a $600,000 verdict against a powerful coal operators' association, the dominant exploitation of such a decision would surely have been "Operators Win." The Mine Workers, through their counsel and their Journal, have treated the decision as a victory for the Union. But by labor generally, despite the startling reversal of a drastic verdict against the Mine Workers, the Coronado Case is interpreted as a great set-back for labor.

Let us see what the Coronado Case involved, and what the Supreme Court decided.

First.—The controversy had its origin in a conflict, variously called a "strike" or a "lock-out," depending upon one's point of view, for the maintenance of union conditions in coal mines controlled by one Bache in Sebastian County, on the west border of Arkansas. The tactics of the conflict were directed by District No. 21, one of the thirty districts into which the United Mine Workers are divided. The International, however, had cognizance of the conflict: the then President approvingly reported the progress of the fight to the International, spurred on the fight, and the International had some share in the pardoning of one of the union miners in prison for contempt of court. Throughout all the conflict, culminating in murders and arson, the International office did not exercise its power of discipline, secured to it under the union's constitution, over any of the miners affiliated with the local or district organizations. In the light of all these facts, taken in connection with the cardinal influence of the maintenance of union conditions in one district upon the achievement of the Mine Workers' nation-wide aims, it was held by the two lower courts that the responsibility of the International for the acts of the local unions and of the district was an issue of fact for jury determination, and that such responsibility

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by the International having been established by the jury's verdict could not be upset by the court. The Supreme Court, however, despite the great presumption that adheres to the concurrence by two courts in a jury's verdict, held that there was no evidence from which the jury could infer "actual agency" by District No. 21, and that without such "actual agency" by the district in carrying out the authority of the International the latter is not chargeable for the autonomous action of the district.

The great gain to labor of this ruling can best be measured by contemplating the consequences of the reverse. If the decisions of the lower court had been allowed by the Supreme Court to stand, every local strike conducted by workers affiliated with a national or international union, and in furtherance of a common purpose, would subject the International to liability for money damages or—still worse—to injunction. On the contrary, by its decision the Supreme Court leaves large freedom of action to local unions, if in fact they act as local unions in a predominantly local controversy and not as the immediate instruments of their central organization.

Second.—But the Supreme Court not merely absolved from liability the Mine Workers of America; it likewise upset the jury's verdict, and judgment thereon, by the two lower courts, against District No. 21 and the various local unions. It did so on the ground that the fight was a local fight to maintain certain standards of living in that locality, and not a conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce. Here, again, it was urged that three quarters of the coal produced by the Bache mines went out of Arkansas, and thus directly interstate commerce was obstructed; moreover, that while the locus of the strike was Arkansas, its consequences were nation-wide in that the strike was part and parcel of the Mine Workers' policy of maintaining scale agreements everywhere, for the protection of the great central competitive coal fields of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. This argument did in fact prevail with the jury, the District Court and the Circuit Court of Appeals. The Supreme Court swept away not only the argument but the support which it derived from the sanction given to it by a jury and two federal courts; it held that the alleged restraint of interstate commerce, either by reason of obstruction to the shipment of the Bache coal, or the relation of the Arkansas fight to the national strategy of the United Mine Workers, was too remote to justify the submission of the case to the jury, and that the local nature of the controversy was so clear as to call for the direction of a verdict in favor of the coal unions and the individual defendants. In a word it held that there was no federal wrong.

On this aspect of the case too, a contrary result would have been disastrous to union effort for the maintenance or the attainment of decent standards of living in local industrial controversies. The so-called "right to strike" would have become an empty phrase. A Damocles sword of treble damages in a suit under the Sherman Law in the federal courts would have hung over every effort of workers to enforce standards of living in every case where either the products of the industry went into interstate commerce, or where the local union was affiliated with a national organization. Practically, jurisdiction over every strike would thus have been sought to be drawn into the federal courts. And yet, in view of the record of the Coronado Case and the general background of labor litigation, it should be a source of deep satisfaction to labor, and to the country at large, that the Supreme Court not merely reversed the lower courts in the Coronado Case, but unanimously reversed them. It would have been easy, at least for a portion of the Court, to vindicate the feelings which the record must have aroused in them —for the situation was similar to the recent Herrin tragedy—by relying on the jury's verdict. In the light of this provocation, we know of no more reassuring manifestation of self-restraint and the governance of law than the unanimous action of the Supreme Court in reversing the Coronado judgment.

Third.—Why then the great perturbation on the part of some spokesmen for labor? Because, while relieving both the International and the local unions from liability under the facts of the case, the Court ruled that no mere procedural difficulty prevented suit against the union as such, instead of suit of its individual members. This presents a technical problem which calls for elucidation.

Lay critics have assumed that, until this ruling in the Coronado Case, the unincorporated associations of men united for common action and acting as a unit which we know as trade unions enjoyed a special immunity before the law, as compared with other associations, because of the humanitarian aims of trade unions. This view springs from an unfamiliarity with our law and our legal history. It involves a confusion between the recognition by courts of entities acting as such, and legislative policy, within the limits of the Constitution, in subjecting conduct varying in its purpose and in its consequences to a different measure of legal responsibility. No one would dispute for a moment that if the United Mine Workers Union incurs debts, either for money borrowed or for

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a printer's bill, it is amenable to law for the payment of such debts. But bring into question the amenability of the Mine Workers to suit for money damages or to injunction for picketing in the course of a strike, and a clash of opinions is at once produced. But it is the same United Mine Workers. If the union can be brought into court as an entity to pay a printer's bill, by the same procedure the union can be haled into court to respond to a claim for damages unlawfully caused by it in the course of a strike. The objection to this latter liability does not lie in the nature of the union, but in the nature of the conduct for which suit is brought. The question is not whether the union should be responsible for a wrong, but whether certain acts complained of constitute a wrong.

The common law has had difficulties, wholly apart from economic conflicts, in dealing with any "entity" except an individual and a corporation. By all kinds of compromises and exceptions, the law has been seeking to adjust itself to the recognition of collective entities—aggregations of human beings acting as a unit—that are not corporations. That law is a laggard in facing reality is the constant complaint of lay critics. Just such an adjustment to reality is the issue involved in this aspect of the Coronado Case. And as the decisions have been progressively recognizing as entities associations acting as units, for instance, social clubs, but not partaking of the corporate form, it would have been a distinct departure from reality for the Supreme Court solemnly to hold that that which is an entity for all the affairs of life, the law, for some mystical reasons of its own, cannot so recognize. The Supreme Court has held the contrary—that there is no technical procedural reason why a trade union, like any other association, should not sue or be sued.

This ruling, too, it is ventured, will be a source of gain to labor. Contemplate its significance by assuming, again, a contrary result. To have held, categorically, that a trade union has no legal standing and no legal responsibility, would, in the very nature of things, have brought very serious consequences to its leaders and its rank and file, no less than to the public. Complete immunity for all conduct is too dangerous an immunity to confer upon any group. Psychologically, such a victory would have wreaked its vengeance upon the union and its leaders; and it would have been found so intolerable to the feeling of the general public that in seeking to withdraw the immunity public opinion would have gone beyond the dictates of reason, to the injury of common interest in labor's cause.

The real rub is the substantive law—under what circumstances and for what conduct can a particular association be sued? In the Coronado Case it was held that a trade union cannot be sued under the Sherman Law unless it actively directs conduct aimed primarily to restrain interstate commerce. Of course, the liability of a trade union to suit subjects it to the uncertainties of litigation. That is a risk which every one runs. The danger is intensified when the law is as uncertain as it is in regard to torts arising out of industrial conflicts—conduct, that is, which retrospectively courts and juries may find without legal justification. That risk, however, works far greater harm to trade unions in the abusive issuance of injunctions, from which labor has suffered most, and which have, to no small degree, been unfairly indulged in by judges against trade unions, because it was deemed at one time that they were not liable to money damages for those acts which it was the purpose of injunctions to forestall. In seeking to forestall these acts courts too frequently have taken sides, and against labor.

The real problem, then, is not to deny the fact that a trade union *is*, but to work out the legal scope of its activities. Thus, in the Coronado Case, the record established conclusively the commission of murder and arson. But these horrors did not arise capriciously. They were the terrible end of an industrial controversy that ought not to occur as frequently as it does in a country which styles itself civilized. The Chief Justice thus recited the familiar story, without justifying "in the slightest the lawlessness and outrages committed:"

> Bache's breach of his contract with the District No. 21 in employing non-union men three months before it expired, his attempt to evade his obligation by a hugger-mugger of his numerous corporations, his advertised anticipation of trespass and violence by warning notices, by enclosing his mining premises with a cable and stationing guards with guns to defend them, all these, in the heart of a territory that had been completely unionized for years were calculated to arouse a bitterness of spirit entirely local among the union miners against a policy that brought in strangers and excluded themselves or their union colleagues from the houses they had occupied and the wages they had enjoyed. In the letter which Bache dictated in favor of operating the mines on a non-union basis, he said, "To do this means a bitter fight but it my opinion it can be accomplished by proper organization." Bache also testified that he was entering into a matter he knew was perilous and dangerous to his companies because in that section there was only one other mine running on a non-union basis.

How to deal with the causes underlying these conflicts is the real question confronting law no less than labor, and not the recognition by law of the reality of the existence of trade unions.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

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Woman's Rebellion Against Fashions

HAVE you noticed how slightly women's clothing has changed in the past five years? Costumers, corsetières, and fabric manufacturers realize it with frantic concern. They are doing their best to turn women back into the former restless search for beauty amid wasp waists, balloon skirts, trains and draperies. So far their herculean efforts have brought forth only minor changes, like the epidemic of monkey-fur trimming and the leering tilt of scarlet hats over the left eye. These trifling victories are of small value to men whose fortunes depend upon women's conscientious following of fickle fashion.

Even a society lady can now wear her clothing till holes appear without being conspicuous. A raglan is ageless. A tweed outing suit needs only to have its skirt shortened from time to time. Accordion pleated skirts go again and again to the tailor for pressing. Dark blue and black serge dresses have become almost standardized in their simple cut, depending chiefly on the color of their embroidery for variety. The kimona has not altered since its introduction almost a quarter of a century ago!

Moreover, a woman can wear what she likes within the broadest range ever yet allowed her. Big sleeves, little sleeves, long sleeves, short sleeves and no sleeves at all, were all equally "in" during the vogue of the slit sleeve. Large hats can't drive out small hats; and vice versa. It is difficult, nowadays, to be actually out of style!

This is a serious condition for women's wear manufacturers.

My attention was first called to the divergence between what manufacturers want shoppers to buy and what shoppers persist in buying, in the pages of trade journals devoted to the manufacture and merchandising of women's garments. These periodicals reported last fall that costumers, corsetières and fabric manufacturers had made common cause against the almost static condition of their industries. Notable delegates from England, France and America met for a conference in Europe. It seemed incredible that these impressive men, who thrust their own stout bodies into woollen cylinders and topped their serious faces with felt domes, could be the creators of fairy frocks and petal-dainty hats. You could not have told the gathering from any convention of bankers discussing European finances.

A common grievance united the three industries. The disadvantage to costumers of unchanging styles is obvious. The corsetières declared themselves in an even worse predicament. A generation of girls was growing up who knew not stays; shameless creatures who wore their figure as God gave it.

There was danger, said the corsetières, that their excellent business might disappear as did the prosperous skirt-binding factories when skirts stopped sweeping the pavements. In these days when a hem is a hem and not a steel spring, covered with velveteen, no one sews on skirt bindings. Where are the manufacturers who used to make them? No one knows. And the corset manufacturers were afraid that they would soon be there too.

Fabric manufacturers joined the costumers' and corsetières' alliance because the amount of goods used in a dress today seems to them immorally scant. Formerly a woman who wanted a new dress hired a dressmaker and a seamstress and the females together cut fabric into small pieces and sewed it together again.

Do you know how a woman is very likely to make herself a frock today? She lays on the floor a length of cloth, doubled over. Shears in hand, she shapes it like a paperdoll's dress, gouging skilfully in under the arms, and cutting a circular opening in the neck. That is the foundation of a thousand varieties of dresses which later appear with low, broad sashes, jeweled girdles, beadwork, or gorgeous peasant embroidery. Two lengths of wide cloth is all such a dress requires. But if we women save by the present fashions, the factories lose.

The European women's-wear convention, called into being by the common peril, came to an important and unanimous decision. Complacent delegates returned to their homes with hope and new designs. Reporters for the trade journals met our returning delegates at the pier and sent their reports broadcast. The news was important enough to travel by wire and be announced in the daily papers.

Fashions were to change. So said the delegates. Skirts were to be long; very long. Skirts were to be full; very full. Skirts were to be draped. Waists were to be fitted, to contrast with the billowing below. The hour-glass figure was to return.

From the trade journals, which I was now devouring with frantic fear, I learned that the campaign was to be carried on, not only with increased advertising, but with the additional aid of the three vehicles of dress publicity—shop windows and dress shows, the theatrical stage, and the printed word. "Create a demand" is the technical term for giving people what they do not know they want. Women, by these three channels, were to be taught to ask prettily for tight bodices

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to impede their breathing, draperies that must not be crushed, skirts to dribble in the rain, and the weight of yards of fabric.

The campaign was on. Flaring, flaunting flower-beds of skirts, displayed in shop windows, were to tempt the shopper. Lovely wax figures smiled to prove that tight bodices were not uncomfortable. Charming manikins, at the fashion shows, went mincing down the platform in pointed layers of purple and scarlet chiffon, as quaint as fuschias.

But women shoppers, apparently unconscious that the mode had changed, kept right on buying or making loose, simple, comfortable frocks. They took the new colors, but did not even see the new styles.

The theatrical stage, costumed by the leading modistes, was the second influence brought to bear to change the fashions. It was well swept by trains and dragging sashes last winter. You knew an adventuress by her green and gold brocade, going up over the right shoulder and kicking out from the left heel. An ingénue wore as many crisp petticoats as a Dutch maiden.

Home magazines, devoted to women's interests, were the third force conjured to advance the new styles. Some of these periodicals began to break out in quaint advice which might have been copied from Godey's Ladies' Book, fifty years ago. The country, we were warned, needed the corset physically, fashionably, and morally.

"Being a mother, you must also be a woman of the world," declared one earnest propagandist. "Do you want your daughter to go to a dance unprotected by a corset? If you do not understand, ask your son."

Rome fell, I felt convinced after reading such warnings, because her daughters did not sufficiently corset themselves.

With the retail shops, the stage and many home magazines lined up for tight waists and heavy skirts, we women-folks might have been forced to give in to discomfort, had not help appeared from an unexpected quarter. Do you remember the sudden outbreak of knickerbockers in the newspapers last winter? Knickers raged a whole week in news columns and appeared in the Sunday rotogravure sections.

Maybe you thought the knicker incident just happened? Not so. Nothing just happens where women's wear is concerned. A men's clothing firm had decided that this was the psychological moment for them to put out a line of women's knicker suits. From a men's clothing house came the relief expedition which saved us women—temporarily at least—from hoops and stays.

Pretty manikins in sober knickerbockers and longish jackets were hired to walk the principal streets of the largest cities and graciously allow themselves to be photographed for the papers. The garments caught the public approval in a surprising manner. A knicker club was formed in Chicago by girls who were pledged to wear 'em.

Knickers soon lost their news value and the sworn club members did not carry out their vow of wearing them to business, but they are now an accepted garment in a girl's wardrobe, and the advertising was a blow to the long, tight dress movement. The influence was greater because the garments were launched as a business enterprise and not as a reform.

A futile attempt was made when I was a child to introduce a dress very similar to those women are wearing today, but the sponsors made the mistake of admitting that it was a reform measure. Though much prettier than the prevalent boned waists and lined skirts, they were regarded as a sort of medicine good for weak backs and they were worn only by little groups of serious thinkers brave enough to "hang the weight from the shoulders."

When the modistes brought our present styles from Germany—not Paris, mark you—their introducers were too canny to tell us that the general style of the garments was originally a woman's reform, backed by a formal association, with branches in Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia, holding congresses and making converts. When these same general styles were put on sale in America, women bought them by thousands and thousands. Fashions in this country are no longer ruled by a few leaders of society. They are determined by the purchases of several million working women, each of whom buys a pleasing dress, puts it on immediately, soon wears it shabby, and buys another. The girl with the pay envelope sets the style for the women who dressmake at home. These thousands of one-dress women are, apparently, insisting that the one dress shall be simple, smart, becoming, and comfortable to work in.

A haughty and experienced saleslady in one of the "exclusive" shops on Fifth Avenue, was called sharply to account for not "moving the stock" which the buyer had piled up.

"How can I sell these styles?" the saleslady defended herself. "The flappers won't buy them."

So long as the wage-earning flapper insists on pretty, practical and comfortable frocks, the rest of us are safe. We can let down the hems if we like.

MARY ALDEN HOPKINS.

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The New

OUR friend Mrs. C— has lately been in Tucson and Taos making a study of Hopi society, Indian myths, customs, conceptions of property and the family; and on her way East has stopped by with us here in Texas. She comes from Boston, of a good, unattractive, sterling family. Her face is ruddy and matter-of-fact like a man's; her voice, though she means it to be quiet and cultivated and something of a rebuke to the vulgar, is really a coo of false vowels above a raw undertone. She is rich enough, but gives away most of her income to causes. One of the most eminent reformers in the city is her friend and ideal, and whatever he reforms she reforms.

Once in, no theory is too strong for Mrs. C—; and if she practiced what she sometimes preaches, my aunts would go out of one door when she came in at the other. As it is, whenever our beloved friend makes herself clear on some points, my gentle ladies keep their eyes on their laps and move their fans slowly to and fro, and the two antebellum uncles are lost in an effort to discover which would be the more gallant on their parts, an air of high seriousness or naughty understanding. But Texas is not the field for all causes. The women here have not the right aggressive combativeness; the climate works against them in that, and the ease with which they get what they want leaves them cold to nobler efforts toward things they do not want at all. During this lull the ethnological gems on silver chains that our friend has exhumed and brought along with her have been some consolation; she is always finding something else to prefer them to, Cartier, Tiffany, Lalique and then the whole Renaissance. And she has vented her mood not seldom over the false and un-American names of houses and estates that she has seen here, Beauvoir, Buena Vista, Inshallah, and the rest, where she feels that something really American like Swotola or Kakaki and so on, would be intelligent and right—though we never seem able to remember what she says the Hopis mean by them. In our house there is nothing at all for her; we are hopeless; only an old loyalty and affection make her put up with us at all. It has been hard on Mrs. C—. But we think it good for her to rest a bit from her turbulent vineyard.

And so a whole week has passed with no outburst of her concern, of that anxiety of hers lest the world should not do the best possible for itself. There was indeed one moment when something of this seemed imminent, but that blew over. We were standing on the terrace where the fountain sent up its thin stream and made its undertone of music all day in our ears. The doves were singing everywhere, from far-off fields, a beautiful long note. Mrs. C— asked if the fountain ran all night. I replied that the gardener shut it off when he went to bed.

"And when *do* these doves begin singing?" she asked then. "I seemed to hear them at daybreak this morning."

They began with the first light, I said.

"But they are singing now," Mrs. C.—remonstrated, "and see how dark it is! It's past eight. It's eight-twenty."

She looked at me. And I knew what it was. She felt that these creatures were not getting the proper amount of sleep. But she strangled the impulse to say more.

Yesterday, however, for a short half-hour, Mrs. C— revived her dream. Lourine, the cook, came in to ask about a market bill. No sooner has she disappeared than Mrs. C—, who had seen Lourine for the first time, began. We knew already her powers of questioning. We knew how she could search your soul to enable you to state your views of things; how she could lead you to confession of error, to wholesome riddances of inner conviction and to admissions of belief and agreement. The manner in which she leads you to yield up your little data, the kind of spit-it-out-in-mother's-hand persuasiveness of her approach, is irresistible.

She wanted to know now about the education given to these colored women, about the houses they lived in, their advantages culturally and ethically and economically. We said what seemed best, knowing very well that anything our friend did not choose to believe she would, in her Boston capacity of judge of the race-problem, dismiss as mere prejudice on our part.

We had always thought it wiser, in fact, to know as little as possible about Lourine's private life. She is a big, good-natured woman, with a fine, wild figure, a haunting voice when she sings, as she often does, a chuckling laugh and a bad temper. We pay her the wages settled on, twelve dollars a week; we feed, by a system recognized as toting, a number of her friends; and we make her frequent presents. After that we do not interfere. That much we tried to indicate to our guest, who listened kindly but judicially. We knew the signs.

Half an hour later I heard Mrs. C— on the back-porch speaking to Lourine, who rested there on a stool shelling peas. From my study chair I could catch every word of the occasion; and sat listening and wondering, as the scene went on, if there was another person in the world besides our friend who could have gone through with it.

The talk began with something general about Texas and then education, tactful intentions, as I could hear by Mrs. C—'s voice. She deepened gradually to something like an address, and darkened to sublimity, as Byron would say, with words oblivious of Lourine in their altitude. And it-out-in-mother's-hand persuasiveness of her approach, is agreement: "Yas, Mam, tha's right." "Sho is right!" "I say! Ain' dat de truth!" whatever the argument. Finally Mrs. C— came to her point, what has been her cause all spring, I believe, the New Woman. Had Lourine become familiar with the questions regarding women? "Do you know the modern woman?" she asked.

Lourine answered amiably:

"Yas, Mam, I think I does. I've heard of 'em but I don' recollec' exactly what dey is."

Mrs. C— was used to audiences of workingmen's wives in the East. She explained patiently. She told Lourine what the question was, of the equal rights with men that were due women and were even yet but partly granted. She spoke of woman's right to have her own career. To lead a free life as regarding love and marriage, to decide such matters for themselves. The same with regard to property. They had a right to do whatever men did, to smoke, whatever in fact men did. She declared that the world must come to realize that there could be no divergence of opinion between the position and the rights of women and men. To all this Lourine seemed warmly in accord: "Tha's right," she said, "sho is right, I say!" And Mrs. C— ended with one of her best platform periods.

"Consider," she said, "that for three thousand years the position of women in Europe has been practically that of slaves!"

"I say!" Lourine agreed again. Then she added, socially, "Good Lord, how time do pass, don't it!"

The sheer and almost ethereal abstraction of this complaisance on Lourine's part must have penetrated even Mrs. C—, for—though she did not stop—she began now to take up her points one by one.

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"How would this idea impress you and your friends then?" she asked. "The equal opportunity between women and men for a career. For choosing their own means of livelihood?"

"Mam?" asked Lourine this time, faced with a straight question.

"What would you think about a woman's right to make her own life? To support herself instead of depending on a man?"

"Yas 'm. Tha's what I does. I always spotes mysef and I always has. Sometimes Chester don' do nothin' and comes a axin' me for my money. But I say let him git a job o' his own. He jes baigs and baigs sometimes, and 'en I jes say naw, sir, you put yo money where yo mouth is and you'll git it."

"Indeed, Lourine? Well, well. And to do whatever men do, things, say, like smoking?"

"I've always smoked. I smoke a pipe. I say sho got to have my pipe in the evenin'."

"And going where you like? Enjoying the same liberty that men enjoy as to your going and coming? What of that?"

"Yas, mam, I goes when I likes. Ain' no man go' be tryin' to dominate me."

"And every woman has a right to keep her own name, as the man does. To keep her own name."

"Yas, mam, tha's right, sho is! My name's Lourine Thompson, that's what I call mysef and tha's the name my mother give me."

"And every woman has a right to a separation—" The postman's whistle was coming nearer the gate, but I delayed in order to hear the end of all this. Mrs. C—'s voice seemed less sure of itself. By now, I thought, she must see that her cause was vain. She must be merely going through it, with points from old lectures and debates. "To alter a contract, to leave the man when she feels that it is best for her to leave."

Lourine no doubt was feeling herself a great success with this odd white lady:

"Yas, mam, tha's right. I'm my leave Chester when I gits good and ready. I tells him 'at. I say, Honey, when I'm done I'm my hit de grit from dis place."

"Ah, but what does the man say, what does your husband say to all this?"

"Ma'am? Chester?"

"Is Chester your husband's name? Yes."

Lourine chuckled: "No, mam, Chester ain' my husband. Chester wouldn't be stayin' with me dis long if he was my husband."

"You're not married then?"

"No, mam, I'm not married. But we been correspondin' for some time."

One way or another, that, I knew, must end it, and I went off for the letters. In the drawing-room I found Mrs. C— again and delivered her stack to her, more than our family gets in three months. I sat watching her rip open envelope after envelope, with the air of being sure of something in them that needed attention. Once she paused:

"Do you know," she said, without looking up or referring to her adventure, "it's difficult to know what is best for various kinds of people."

I said "Rather," and she began on the letters again.

From the kitchen came reverberations that shook the house, where Lourine was beating her biscuit dough. And meanwhile her voice arose, as wild as the stars, barbaric, plaintive, desolate, singing:

Humble yosef, de bell's done rung,
Ding dong, O Lord!

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

How Much Will Railway Wages Buy?

SIR: I read with interest the editorial which appeared in The New Republic for June 21, 1922, under the caption—Why a Railroad Strike? and my attention was particularly arrested by the statement that the recent wage decision of the Labor Board "leaves the railroad men with a lower purchasing power than for by far the greater part of the past twenty-seven years, *with the exception* of 1917." To satisfy myself as to the accuracy of your statement, I had some figures prepared bearing on the same subject which do not appear to verify the statement quoted above. The figures prepared at my request are given below.

You may be of course in possession of information which will bear out your statement, but you do not quote it. Your article, however, discards both of the years 1914 and 1917 as bases of comparison and to avoid any controversy in this regard, we have arranged our figures on the same bases which we assume have been used in the editorial.

We have prepared a table comparing the average annual earnings of railroad employes since 1896 with the index numbers of the cost of living. From 1896 up to 1913 it has been necessary to combine the Department of Labor's Index numbers of retail food prices with the index numbers of wholesale prices of all commodities to ascertain the balance of the workingman's expenditure. No figures for the cost of living were prepared prior to 1913. The ratio used in weighting the retail and wholesale prices in arriving at the cost of living prior to 1913 was 34 and 66 respectively, this being the basis used by the Department of Labor in 1913. The index numbers shown in our table are the percentages of the 1913 figures. The 1913 figures were taken for a basis throughout the statement.

	Average Annual Earnings per Railroad Employee		Cost of Living	Purchasing power of R. R. Wage	Proportion of R. R. Revenue paid to Labor
	Actual	Index No.	Index No.	Index No.	Index No.
1896	$556	72	66	109	41.2
1897	566	72	66	109	40.6
1898	565	72	68	106	39.8
1899	565	72	72	100	39.3
1900	569	72	76	95	38.6
1901	569	72	77	94	38.8
1902	580	74	82	90	40.0
1903	611	78	82	95	41.1
1904	619	79	83	95	40.9
1905	610	77	82	94	40.2
1906	627	80	85	94	40.7
1907	681	86	90	96	41.9
1908	689	87	89	98	41.2
1909	665	84	94	89	40.4
1910	698	89	97	92	41.6
1911	733	93	94	99	42.8
1912	749	95	100	95	43.1
1913	788	100	100	100	43.6
1914	823	104	103*	101	42.8
1915	842	107	105*	102	41.0
1916	892	113	118*	96	40.8
1917	1,004	127	142*	89	43.3
1918	1,419	180	174*	103	53.6
1919	1,486	189	177**	107	55.3
1920	1,820	231	217**	106	59.3
1921	1,686	214	180***	119	50.3
1922†	1,568	199	167****	119	48.8

* December. ** June. *** May. **** March. † April.

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The result of these figures seems to indicate that the buying power of the actual earnings of railroad employes reached greater heights in 1921 and the early months of 1922 than at any previous time back to 1896. The nearest approach, it is true, was in 1896 and 1897, but that condition was due to extreme deflation of prices. By 1902 prices had regained strength to such an extent that the relative purchasing power of wages had dropped from 109 to 90 or over 17%.

The cost of living statistics from 1914 to 1918 are as of December, the last month of the year, and the only figures available. As living costs were constantly rising during these years, the level at the end of the year was naturally higher, and in some cases much higher, than the average throughout the year.

A glance at the right hand column of the table also shows that in the 27 years from 1896 to 1922, the total share of labor in railway revenues has increased from 41.2% to 48.6%, while in 1920 it was nearly 60%. Your editorial stated that the "worker's share of the total product has been diminishing."

I thought you might be interested in these figures, all of which are based on data published by either the Department of Labor or the Interstate Commerce Commission; but, you will observe they do not check with the conclusions reached in the editorial referred to.

DANIEL WILLARD,
President, The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

[The table on which the editorial statement of The New Republic was based follows:

Comparison of Increases of Retail Food Prices and Wages of All Railway Employees

	Railway Wages (All Employees) Average $	Index No.	Food Prices Index No.	Purchasing Power Index No.
1895	567.50	100.0	100.0	100.0
1896	567.16	99.9	96.8	103.2
1897	565.41	99.6	96.8	102.8
1898	566.06	99.7	100.0	99.7
1899	562.98	99.2	101.5	97.7
1900	567.25	99.9	103.0	96.9
1901	570.14	100.5	107.0	93.9
1902	568.42	100.2	111.9	89.5
1903	576.99	101.7	111.9	90.8
1904	630.80	111.2	113.5	97.9
1905	607.69	107.1	113.5	94.3
1906	592.10	104.3	117.8	88.5
1907	641.35	113.0	122.2	92.4
1908	720.92	127.0	125.2	101.4
1909	657.64	115.9	132.7	87.3
1910	673.01	118.6	139.0	85.3
1911	726.52	128.0	137.2	93.2
1912	732.40	129.1	146.2	88.3
1913	756.83	133.4	149.2	89.4
1914	810.05	142.7	152.2	93.7
1915	826.51	145.6	150.7	96.6
1916	828.29	146.0	169.9	85.9
1917	1,003.81	176.9	217.5	81.3
1918	1,418.26	249.9	250.3	99.8
1919	1,482.06	261.2	277.1	94.2
1920	1,767.82	311.5	303.0	102.8

According to this table, the purchasing power of railroad wages was at its lowest in 1917, or 81.3 percent of the 1895 level. Exactly what annual earnings under the new decision will be, it is impossible to tell until the end of the year, for earnings vary with the amount of time worked as well as with wage rates. The new rates set for shop crafts by the Labor Board, if the amount of full-time employment per man is the same as in 1915, will average to purchase about 15 percent less than in 1915. This would bring annual purchasing power to about 88 percent of 1895, as far as the shop crafts are concerned. It will be seen that this percentage is lower than in any previous year except 1917. Of course, this reasoning assumes that the movement of the average wage for all employees was substantially the same as that of the shop crafts between 1895 and 1915—a point which cannot be proved because of lack of data, but one which is probably near enough the truth for practical purposes.

There are two main points of difference between our table and Mr. Willard's. The first is that there are some discrepancies in the annual average money wage. Our figures were taken from the annual reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission entitled Statistics of Railways in the United States. The changes made by the Commission in methods of compiling the data have been used throughout. The year 1916 has been put on a calendar year basis to be comparable with the years that follow. Possibly the differences in Mr. Willard's figures are due to the inclusion or exclusion of certain companies.

The principal difference, however, is in the index of cost of living. Our index is for retail food prices, there being no good index of other retail prices for the whole period. This covers 40 percent of the wage-earners' budget. Other retail prices do not fluctuate exactly as food prices but the trend is usually about the same. While our results are not wholly accurate, they are undoubtedly much more nearly accurate than Mr. Willard's. There is little justification for combining an index of wholesale prices with that of retail in order to get at changes in the cost of living. The wholesale price index includes many producers' goods as well as consumers', it fluctuates far more widely during the business cycle, and its long-term trend is different.

Our statement that the "workers' share of the total product has been diminishing" referred to the physical product of the whole nation, not to the money income of the railroads. It is probable that the railroads themselves have been receiving a smaller share of the total national money income per employee than formerly.

As to the division of the railroad money income itself, several comments may be made. The first is that the purchasing power of a dollar paid to management, and spent for supplies, equipment, rent, interest, dividends, etc., does not change in the same ratio from year to year as the purchasing power of the dollar paid to labor, and spent for consumption goods at retail. The second is that the proportion of railway income paid to labor showed no considerable change until the war years, when railway rates did not rise as much as the general price level. This may show that rates ought to have been higher; it does not necessarily show that wages ought to have been lower. The third is that in October, 1921, after the first reduction of wages had gone into effect, the proportion of railway revenue paid in wages had fallen again to 40.3 percent. We have no complete figures on the wage bill in 1922, but April, cited by Mr. Willard, was a month lower in operating revenue than either March or May. It is not conclusive to quote this percentage for any one month by itself.

Incidentally, the whole discussion shows the complexity of the attempt to lower wages by comparison with an index of retail prices—a method which many employers seem to have accepted without question as being the last word in economic justice.—The Editors.]

No One Sees Beauty

So many times have I made testaments;
So many times said farewell to the sun;
Brightened with tears the magic color spun
Upon the looms of spring; borne the last scents
Of clover fields beneath the dripping tents
Of summer clouds; turned sadly one by one
From roads and hills that beckon, seas that run
With my doomed dreams to far, lost continents.

No one sees beauty who has not seen death.
I know how dear is dust, how soft is rain,
How warm the grass, how deep the starry skies.
I know, who pay for loveliness with pain,
That earth is fairest fading from the eyes,
And life tastes sweeter with each faltering breath.

ANNE O'HARE MCCORMICK.

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Books and Things

AT this late day the psychologists, an admirably tireless race, may for aught I know have pushed on far enough to be within analysis-distance of laughter. The last time I glanced at the score-board nothing much seemed to have been happening. Sudden perception of incongruity, sudden perception of the automatism of supposedly adaptable living human beings, bursts of joy over gaining a few yards round the censor's end—I beheld the familiar combination of older stuff with newer.

Just now it's not so much laughter in general as derisive laughter that I am curious about. And curious most of all about the ignoramus's grin in the specialist's face. Is derision, in this instance thereof, the result of an effort not to be humiliated by the contrast between somebody else's knowledge and one's own lack of knowledge? Is this kind of derision just one more illustration of the noble art of self-defence-reaction?

Yesterday I was looking, I don't too much know why, through a slim volume which is published by the Library Branch of the Government Printing Office at Washington, and which you may buy for thirty-five cents. It is called A List of American Doctoral Dissertations Printed in 1920. Not all of the three hundred titles are forbidding. Some of them sound promising. For my part, I believe I should like to read Catastrophe and social change, based upon a sociological study of the Halifax disaster, by Samuel Henry Prince, or a psychological study of trade-mark infringement, by Richard Henry Paynter. Without impulse to read his thesis, but with profound respect, I learn the name of the subject chosen by Charles H. Milligan: The preparation of optically-active hydrazines. I. The preparation of dl-p-trimethylethylphenylhydrazine. The isolation of pure d-p-trimethylethylaniline. Thus far the ignoramus's grin in the specialist's face does not distort my features. I begin to grin, at first not very disfeaturingly, when I come upon these entries: William Denny Baskett —Parts of the body in later Germanic dialects; Oliver Towles—Prepositional phrases of asseveration and adjuration in Old and Middle French; John Ludwig A. Huchthausen—Ideen freisinniger protestantischer pfarrer in neueren deutschen romanen. With derision—driven to derision by shame at my own ignorance, no doubt—I copy the title of Lee Willis Barry's doctoral dissertation: The effect of inanition in the pregnant albino rat, with special reference to the changes in the relative weights of the various parts, systems and organs of the offspring.

Defence-reaction, of course and as much as you please, but is that the whole story? I don't believe so. Even derision needs some straw to make bricks with. Haven't these Ph. D. titles, or some of them, a picture-making quality? Don't they show us several hundred squirrel's cages, with a busy and spectacled candidate for the Ph. D. degree in each darkened cage, the world forgotten, by the world forgot? Outside, and unregarded by these "impenitent specialists," the great mundane movement still goes on—the high midsummer pomps are here; the mark falls from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve; the hay crop in New England is extra good, Ty Cobb leads the American League in batting, there is the same old balm in the same old Gilead. "In regard to every form of human activity," says Mr. Bertrand Russell, "it is necessary that the question should be asked from time to time, What is its purpose and ideal?" The purpose of most of these doctoral dissertations is to gain the Ph. D. degree for the dissertators. The ideal Ph. D. thesis would be a consideration of the factors controlling the trend of influences in their relation to nature and content.

Jargon, this last? Well, isn't jargon one of the things that the mechanism of defence-reaction puts us on the watch for in these doctoral dissertations? How about Leverett Samuel Lyon—A functional approach to social-economic data? If there is no jargon in a thesis with that title, I am the more deceived, that's all. And admitting, for purposes of argument, that the Ph. D. jargon is the one among our many dialects which is fittest to survive, and that the sooner we all familiarize ourselves with it the sooner we shall become a united people, wouldn't this desirable result be hurried up if the masters of the Ph. D. dialect devoted themselves to more popular subjects?

The transition from unreadable to readable ought not, I grant you, to be made with a jerk. But something might be done at once toward attracting the average person's attention without wholly departing from the ancient ways. As thus: Jane Hollis MacGruder—Analysis of the causes of failure to catch suburban trains leaving Thonotosassa, Florida, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912; Ezra Pettingill—The distribution of used or semi-used razor blades throughout South Dakota; Esther Gates Brockway ---Aetiology of base-stealing in the National and American leagues: a teleological comparison; Claude Washburn Kirke—Wish-fulfilment in popular fiction, considered in its relation to the self-closing years of the nineteenth century, together with an excursus on the Laura Jean Libido; R. Abbot Warren—The family, its causes and cure, with special reference to propinquity as a condition precedent to fertilization.

Not that I recommend the Ph. D. dialect for general use in precisely its present form. I should like to suggest a change or two. Look, for example, at No. 32 in this 1920 list of American Doctoral Dissertations: Phyllis Mary Blanchard—The adolescent girl; a study from the psycho-analytic viewpoint . . . with a preface by Dr. G. Stanley Hall. One of these days I shall demand an opportunity of filing a brief against viewpoint and for point of view. I'd file that brief here and now, in fact, if I could think up reasons for disliking viewpoint so irritably.

This change, I must admit, rather clashes with the second change I am about to recommend. A few of the titles in the 1920 list are set forth with a plainness of speech which I find, in such a context, distressing. "A history of the Atlantic coast line railroad"—"An economic study of farm layout"—"The dry-rot of incense cedar"—"Sooty blotch of pomaceous fruits"—these are instances of the kind of language I would fain obliterate. Pomaceous and economic are good enough Ph. D. words, but the others might have been and often are used by men of this world who wish to be understood. The quintessential part of the candidate's task, the labor of translating his assertions into the Ph. D. dialect, has not been thoroughly done. How it can be done, and at small cost, is explained in my forthcoming magnum opusculum on certain aspects and subaspects of the doctoral-dissertational dialect in the United States of North America, being a prolusory essay toward its establishment as the interstate medium of oral and written communication. It is not really a difficult language to learn, and a common language, as the authorities tell us and as I have said before, has great virtue as a binder. As a filler, too, I have found it useful now and then.

P. L.

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Ripe Fruit from an Old Tree

Aspects and Impressions, by Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

HE would be a rash prophet who should pronounce any book of Mr. Gosse's the last, but it is difficult to conceive anything from his pen more mature than Aspects and Impressions. If Mr. Gosse had undertaken to select from his ample storehouse, essays to illustrate his method of criticism, to summarize his activity during so many fruitful years, he could not have made a more significant collection. It used to be the fashion to sneer at Mr. Gosse's scholarship, and undoubtedly in the long course of his labors he made an extraordinary number of "breaks" which furnished easy targets for class-room erudition. Perhaps he had these in mind when in A Note on Congreve, with disarming candor, he records Leslie Stephen's discovery of his mistake with regard to Lady Gethin's originality. "My dear friend and master gravely remarked, 'I wonder neither you nor Congreve spotted "reading makes the full man." But he never said a word in print about our negligence which deepens my remorse."

If we may classify critics according to the object of their attention, whether they are concerned primarily with the personality of their author, or the milieu in which he lived, or the work of art which he produced, or their own subjective reaction to this work, we shall have no hesitation in assigning Mr. Gosse to the first group. He is primarily a biographical critic, concerned first of all with interpreting his author in the light of his experience and intention. In this he belongs in the tradition of English criticism, in succession to Matthew Arnold. That he is obliged to take more account than did Arnold of the social history of the time marks him as of a later generation in a scientific age. In dealing with aesthetics he tends to fall back on the empirical method of Arnold—selection and comparison. Purely subjective criticism, depending on an "exclusively personal aesthetics," a "personal vision of life," he serenely dismisses as having "passed into the region of things gone by."

Mr. Gosse's critical predilections are emphasized by his admiration of Emile Faguet. When he writes: "There is no writer on literature who has ever crept so completely into the skin of each old author as Faguet has done. He makes the dry bones live; he resuscitates the dead . . . The first object with him is to vivify," one may fancy that he is setting forth his own critical purpose. His happy quotation from Descartes: "la lecture est une conversation continue avec les plus honnêtes gens des siècles passés," reflects his own critical method. Mr. Gosse's vast reading (he speaks of himself as blenching only before The Spanish Gypsy) is a continued association with men and women of the past in a spirit of urbanity, gallantry, intimacy, to which they yield their secrets. To such association we owe the admirable portraits of Catherine de Rambouillet, of Malherbe, and of the founders of the French Academy. Of Malherbe the resulting impression is peculiarly complete and convincing. It is Mr. Gosse's masterpiece. We see the stiff middle-aged provincial poet coming up to Paris with a single object: "to rescue French poetry from the hands of the little monsters who were dishonouring it." We understand his triumph in the court of Henry IV and Richelieu by virtue of a "bluff kind of concentrated politeness," and his rout of Desportes and the reigning school through his readiness "to break in with a brusque contradiction of what someone else was saying." Mr. Gosse has before him not only the authentic record of Malherbe in his work but also a multitude of sketches, studies, anecdotal snapshots drawn from the recorded gossip of contemporaries. Nothing could so clinch the effects of this characterization of the founder of French classicism as the story of his poem to console President Nicholas de Verdun on the death of his wife. He composed it so slowly that the President married again and died, but the poet persisted in his threnody which he duly presented to the widow of the second bed.

In spite of Mr. Gosse's complete initiation as a man of the world of letters he is undoubtedly at his best when he is dealing with contemporary figures. His method is essentially the same—only personal experience supplements the record, and gives a sharper definiteness to the line, a livelier tone to the color, a more intimate precision to the detail, and a richer design to the background. Of the contemporary portraits that of Samuel Butler, whom Mr. Gosse knew only in the work of Mr. Festing Jones, is especially interesting as the reaction of a biographical critic to a modern biography. It is clear that to Mr. Gosse's fastidious taste in gossip, Mr. Jones is not quite a gentleman. And he certainly resents the copiousness of the revelation. For once he cries, "Hold—enough!" The George Eliot is vivid with personal response to a reputation which was one of the glories of the period of Mr. Gosse's youth. With what significant strokes he brings before us his vision of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes driving in their chariot:

> His companion was a large, thickset sybil, dreamy and immobile, whose massive features, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which in those days commonly included an immense ostrich feather; this was George Eliot. The contrast between the solemnity of the fact and the frivolity of the headgear had something pathetic and provincial about it."

With what adroit opportuneness he remembers Herbert Spencer at a meeting of the committee of the London Library, objecting to the purchase of novels "except of course those of George Eliot." His appraisal of her work is fair, generous, but always touched with the frost of an irony which is the most polite way of expressing the inevitable reaction to a fame so portentous. He sees in George Eliot's realism the forerunner of naturalism; and in her science the anticipation of the le roman expérimental. And then with amiable vivacity he marks the self-consciousness which was her artistic nemesis:

> George Eliot in her contemplation of the human beings she invents is a traveller, who is provided with a map. No Norman church or ivied ruin takes her by surprise, because she has seen that it was bound to come, and recognizes it when it does come. Death, the final railway station, is ever in her mind; she sees it on her map, and gathers her property around her to be ready when the train shall stop.

The most intimate of the essays is the account of Henry James, bright with a light of personal knowledge, warm with the color of friendship. Friendship with the present indeed completes Mr. Gosse's friendship with the past. He brings into both worlds the qualities of sympathy and deference, and he seeks in both distinction and charm. Both attitude and quest are obviously of the Victorian past. That is perhaps why Mr. Gosse looks somewhat askance at his heir apparent in biographical criticism—Mr. Lytton Strachey.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Tourobolia

Mysticism, Freudianism and Scientific Psychology, by Knight Dunlap. St. Louis: C. V. Mosty Co. $1.50.

Fundamental Conceptions of Psychoanalysis, by A. A. Brill, M.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.10.

THE voluminous literature of psychoanalysis has been increased but not enriched by this new book from the pen of Dr. A. A. Brill. It signifies a crystallization and clarification of his own mind rather than an extension of the psychoanalytic survey of the minds of others. One may note it as such and pass on. In substance and style it does not deviate from the standard set by the author in his other works, and no doubt numbers of people will accept it as verifying the publisher's claim "that many who have found it impossible to read Freud's own books will welcome a popular statement of his theories by a scientist of distinction rather than an amateur." That is, if they read it alone. But if they read it together with Professor Dunlap's book, they will be thrown into confusion. For, according to Professor Dunlap, no psychoanalyst can be a scientist, not even an amateur scientist. He can be only a mystic, and psychoanalysis is the most important mystical movement of the nineteenth century. The mystic, Professor Dunlap asserts, makes use of neither the process of perception nor the process of inference on which the scientist depends for such knowledge as he acquires. The mystic has recourse to a "third kind of knowledge" which is not subject to scientific tests. In this "knowledge" emotion is profoundly and significantly active. It is an ambiguous and indeterminate thing of many meanings. The mystic's claims and arguments derive from this indeterminateness. They are all forms of the fallacy of "the ambiguous middle term."

It is Professor Dunlap's contention that this fallacy underlies the system of the Freudians and vitiates it through and through. The fallacy is inherent in the basic Freudian concept, "the unconscious." This stands for something which is at one and the same time consciousness and not consciousness. It seems, in Freudian usage, to be composed of a sort of mind-stuff which can be worked and stored away like the matter of the physical world. All the other ideas of the Freudians—libido or sex, repression, conflict, the function of familial relations in the life of the individual, wish fulfilment, symbolism, dream-analysis—are subject to the same fallacy. In addition they are involved in the fallacy of secundum quid; in the wild use of analogies; in interpretation based on the selection of material ad hoc; in arbitrary inference; in the use, after the manner of the spiritist and the telepathist, of anecdotal evidence. If you say that nevertheless, psychoanalysis works, Professor Dunlap suggests that it works better for the psychoanalyst than for its patients. Psychoanalysis pays, but its therapeutic claims are no less dubious than those of Christian Science and other mysterious forms of healing. And, moreover, it facilitates "the circulation of pornographic literature which should be kept from the very young and the ignorant."

It appears in the course of this arraignment, however, that not everything is all wrong with Freudianism. Professor Dunlap concedes that not all symbolism is wild analogy; some "does actually occur in certain cases" and it "follows commonplace laws of association of ideas." There *is* "a psychological fact which corresponds in a rudimentary way to the mystical repressions" and "the more important causes of neuroses are not found in ideas of sex but rather in pathological sex activity." And it is true that all neurotic situations involve "morbid emotion." After making concessions which any candid reader of psycho-analytic literature, sane and fantastical both, will recognize as Freudian commonplaces, Professor Dunlap withdraws them: "such significant factors in the possible etiology of sex neuroses are entirely ignored by psychoanalysis because of the a priori scheme of explanation to which they are not contributory."

Again, the candid readers of psycho-analytic literature, whether they assent to its contentions or not, will wonder where Professor Dunlap gets his information. True, they will say, he quotes scripture to his purpose, but he seems to quote it with no less selection than he accuses the Freudians of in their interpretations. He cites such writers as Jung and Jelliffe, for example, and ignores such as Hart and Tansley. What he chooses from Freud and the others illustrates his objections, but is there not more that does not illustrate his objections? They will say that, having stated his objections, he is in the position of acknowledging, but understating, the data and assumptions of fact in which the psychoanalytic systems have their starting point, and that this is due to his unwillingness to follow the implications, always checked by clinical observation, of these data, as far as they lead. They may lead into nonsense, but what system does not? The point is to dissipate the nonsense with more observation, not with contradiction. And Professor Dunlap merely contradicts. He opposes the Freudian system of psychology with another, no less inferential and metaphysical, and no less implicated in nonsense. He seems to hold that what is new is not true, and that what is true moves out into this other system, which he is pleased to eulogize as "Scientific Psychology," although he is constrained to admit that there is far from agreement about it even among the professors in the academies and to plead for "the necessity of uniting on the solid ground of scientific method for the defense of the public welfare against charlatans and teachers of superstition." He has much to say about the scientific method which this psychology purports to make use of, about its empiricism, its deference to "the law of parsimony," its dependence on experiment and proof.

Proof, scientific proof, "is a definite method which is sharply distinguishable from historical proof or proof in the popular sense." It is the sort of thing that any competent person must be able to repeat for himself and get a like conclusion. Its terminology is precise, utterly without ambiguities. The psychology which is founded on it establishes a distinction—long ago made much of by the Austrians and the Marburg school—between "awareness" and the contents or objects of awareness. Consciousness is for it "merely a function of the total organism," but immediately—and inferentially only, Professor Dunlap to the contrary notwithstanding—implicated in the activities of nerve cells, etc., etc. It is the "result . . . accompaniment or part . . . of certain reactions involving the activity of a complete arc from receptors to effectors," so that "all consciousness depends on reaction." Consequently, the unconscious is impossible except where it is necessary for Professor Dunlap's system. For this interesting situation emerges with respect to it. To refute Freud, ideas cannot be "something which can be stored away after they are through 'ideating.'" But to establish "Scientific Psychology" they can be in a most mysterious way: "bio-

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logically innate ideas as well as innate emotions are entirely probable"; the bird "may have an idea of the nest which it builds before it has commenced building." And so on, to the not clearly related conclusion that "Scientific Psychology" no longer assumes a world of "mental facts" requiring study apart from the real world. It no longer deals in "sensations" and "images" and "thoughts" as analyzable components in a "stream of consciousness." Scientific psychology accepts the facts of a real world external to the organism and of an *I*, connected with the organism which can be aware of both the real world outside, and also of the organism. . . . Having closer affinity in principle with Aristotle than with the Anglo-German school, it makes use of all the empirical accomplishments of modern psychologists and physiologists."

The use must be conceded. The affinity with Aristotle, from the evidence in hand, is hardly one to bet that Aristotle would recognize. And the ruling out of the work of Titchener alone, to say nothing of the hosts of others who acknowledge "mental facts," sensations, images, etc., from "scientific psychology" is not likely to be unopposed. The use of an awareful *"I"* demonstrates that after all, the quarrel between Professor Dunlap and the mystics is a sectarian one. They have the same religion even if they don't use the same rituals. The treatment of "ideas" shows that the Freudians have no monopoly of ambiguous middles. As for scientific method—a conception of it is unique which rules out the genetic or historical point of view yet makes use of the idea of heredity; which stores ideas biologically, but refuses to store them biographically; which, in the field of psychology, disregards the far from settled problems involved in memory and the knowledge of the past. It is out of the empirical treatment of these problems that the concept of the "unconscious mind" has arisen. It is upon the felt regression of the present into the past, and the repristination of the unique past in the present that the concept feeds. No doubt it is speculative; no doubt it is dualistic and dubious. But it is not less speculative than the reduction of memory into a trace left on nerve tissue; it is no less dualistic than the coupling of the organism with an *"I."* After all, the Freudian unconscious can be causally accounted for step by step. It does envisage a verifiable pattern and process of behavior, at least genetically. But Professor Dunlap's "I" and his memory traces—Freudianism is undoubtedly opaque but it is transparent beside this other. As systems of speculative psychology, the alternative is de gustibus. Freudianism, absurd though much of it is, has an advantage in that its fertile and luxuriant ruminations have an immediate personal reference not customary in its rivals, and after all, the subject matter of psychology can be reached only in and through persons, who are nothing if not biography, history. For the rest—psychologies can, least of all the sciences clamant, afford to throw stones.

Psychology belongs still to the marches of science, not to its interior. With all its laboratory contraptions, its applications, its measurements and its jargons, it is still one-third dubious observation and two-thirds speculative imagining. Facts and fictions compenetrate in it, and the factions they so breed are not less factional than in the days when the same subject matter was called mental philosophy. The uses of business and the play with intelligence tests have in no way altered the situations of that time. No faction can properly exclude any other from the eulogium of "scientific." They all have made claims, and they none have yet made good.

H. M. KALLEN.

Rahab

Rahab, by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.00.

IN Rahab we must distinguish between the bare story, and the story as it is rewoven and patterned in Mr. Waldo Frank's mind. The materials themselves are as stale as David's adultery, but the smell of spring pervades Mr. Frank's treatment, and we pursue Fanny Luve, the heroine, through all her degradations without a touch of cynicism or spiritual dissoluteness. Mr. Frank takes an exultant delight in following the curve of life, wherever it may lead him; and if he is an expressionist in that he is as much at home in the Cloaca Maxima of the personality as on the Appian Way, he feels too intensely about the essential experiences of men and women to offer homage before Venus Meretrix. This spiritual honesty and vitality in Mr. Frank count for a good deal in a day of jaded appetites: they make worth reading and pondering a novel which is frequently more a struggle for profound expression than an achievement.

What is the outward shell of Rahab? We find a gray little woman, Mrs. Luve, stewing mildly in drink, in conversation with an understanding young Jew who has come to visit a prostitute in her flat. They talk to each other, these two, in the dim glare of a candlelight which replaces the tawdry jet of gas; and between them there leaps into form such a story as might have sprung from Mrs. Luve's mind to this young Samson's, if thoughts did not need words to carry them. It is a cruel tangle of memories that this Rahab carries within her. Once upon a time Harry Luve loved Fanny and married her; then he slithered into drink in search of a mystically complete union that his wife tantalizingly failed to give him. He begot a child and left her; and when he had tasted the dregs and orts, he renewed his appetite for existence by conversion to an evangelical religion—a religion which specializes in the physical proprieties and is much given to propaganda through meetings "For Men Only." In the meanwhile, Fanny has been stirred to the roots by physical contact with a stranger who gives her a new assurance of strength and cleanliness and spiritual clarity; and she faces without the least feeling of sin a returning husband whose inverted carnality has been transformed into a professional attitude. In his righteousness, Harry drives Fanny out of the house and away from her child; and there begins for Mrs. Luve a steep descent into a ravine of meaningless torment. The collapse of physical illness causes her finally to drift into the underworld, and there, through all its sickly dissolutions, she finds, like a rainbow glimmering over a pool of stagnant water, a justification and a light.

The conscious and the unconscious, the solid world of thought and the vague flotsam of images, the thin patter of conversation, the sudden rhythmic stress of emotional energy, even the gnawing perturbations of breasts and genitals—all these elements Mr. Frank attempts to resolve in the complex pattern of his narrative. It would be a marvel if he completely succeeded in carrying out this design; and to tell the truth, he does not succeed. There are phrases of great energy and color; there are rhythms that are saturated with emotions; and then there are passages that are murky with incoherence, written in an English that is harsh and abrasive. If Mr. Frank would listen for his language as patiently as he listens for the sound of some external event falling into the deep well of

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the human soul, there would be a closer relation between the behavior of his characters and the reactions they are supposed to set up in his readers. I find that in reading Mr. Frank one's throat sometimes becomes a little tense and strained, as one sympathetically attempts to follow an expression which does not seem able to find a channel of egress deep enough to permit its flow.

When Mr. Frank succeeds, he succeeds magnificently; and one has a genuine sense of his depths; when he fails one sometimes feels that he is using a dragnet to fish in a very shallow pool. It is doubtless Mr. Frank's conviction that his realities are to be found in the depths: the result is, if one may use a more pregnant metaphor, that he is perpetually swimming under water, and he never for long sees daylight nor breathes the undiluted air. By turning his back upon the classic tradition of English prose, with all its externalism, Mr. Frank has not merely thrown over its tepid felicities: he has thrown over all the charm and fluency that carries one through a narrative. In an art which springs naturally out of good conversation, Mr. Frank fails to achieve the ease which that art permits; and in order to make up for the losses he seeks to get his effects by feverishly dabbing on color, in a fashion that does violence to his medium. Mr. Frank's exacerbated English is sometimes a triumph in a crisis; it is his misfortune that he must prolong the crisis in order to retain the triumph. Too often one's attention falters: a prolonged dose of novelty is more tedious than platitude.

When one puts aside this criticism of Mr. Frank's execution, a good deal that is fine and credible remains. The accent of Rahab is right, honestly and emphatically right. If anyone takes exception to the fact that Mr. Frank speaks of physical things in spiritual terms, and spiritual things in almost physical terms; if anyone dislikes to see the naked bodies of thoughts before they get dressed for society and leave the chamber of the mind, the fault is not with Mr. Frank's method but with the code of mental etiquette it infringes. Those who have no preconceptions about the verbal decencies will find many passages of deep emotion, finely conveyed; and they will perhaps achieve a sense of salvation—the sense of a "saving something"—which is in essence religious. Above all, in the travail of Fanny Luve, they may find a fresh meaning in the myth of the generous god who was torn to bits and scattered abroad, and out of the dark earth emerged again in the spring as the Resurrection and the Life.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Secretary Mooseheart

The Iron Puddler, by James J. Davis (Secretary of Labor). Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

MR. DAVIS is not the most important member of the Cabinet. He doesn't have much to say, these days, about the mine or railroad strike. He was appointed because he would be a good conciliator— and such he has proved himself to be on a number of occasions—but particularly because he was the devoted and beloved chief of the Loyal Order of Moose, because he commanded the loyalty of some half million Moosemen who were voters, but mainly because, as Uncle Joe Cannon tells us in his introduction to the Secretary's autobiography, he is "the Napoleon of Fraternity," and "can call more than ten thousand men by their first name."

He may not stand out in the Cabinet, but his own story of his life shows him as beyond doubt its most engaging and vivid personality. He was born in Wales, the son of a hard-working iron puddler, and came to this country as a youngster. There followed years of the hardest kind of sledding for the family, but it did not darken the days of the young Davises. Song and mother kept clouds from their sky. "I have sung more songs in my life than did Caruso," Mr. Davis tells us, and "The memory of my mother's singing has made my whole life sweet." He was duly grateful to her: when he was shining shoes at the age of ten or so "every nickel that rolled loose in the town landed in my pocket and I took it home to mother."

He shined shoes, he puddled in the iron mills, "kneading a batch of iron bread for the devil's breakfast," he supered in Richard III, he carried the drum in minstrel parades, he worked in tin mills, he lived in boarding houses called "the Greasy Spoon" or "the Bucket of Blood," where the boarders "fought with fists, coffee cups and pieces of furniture." He was kangarooed in New Orleans to a job that was practically peonage. This chapter, which is without his usual excursions into views of life in general, is a very real picture of what life was then for so many people in this country. Here he is at his best, and his best is attractively breezy and spontaneous, slangy, energetic, often epigrammatic, with an occasional touch of something almost poetry.

But as he goes on in life, becomes trusted by labor and capital in the tin mill, is elected to local office, makes money, his book becomes less and less attractive, and its story more and more diluted with his opinions, which, since he is a Cabinet officer, are worth some attention. Here is perhaps the secret of them: "So many of [my] ventures thrived that by the time I was forty I was rated as a prosperous young man. This gave me a great confidence in myself and in the institutions of my country."

Some of this confidence was due to an abounding vitality and appetite. He is eloquent on the subject of pie, in which he "had a liberal education"—"not the standardized tasteless things made in great pie factories, but the personally conducted pies that women used to make." "Food," he admits, "is the first thing in the world. Cleanliness may be the next to godliness, but food is ahead of them all." He has eaten of all kinds of it, and heartily. In his ears still rings the cry of those days when he worked with his hands: "Hog fat, and plenty of it!"

A man that enjoys such a good digestion has small sympathy for those of meaner stomach, and his intolerance of them is closely bound up with his aversion to people who have an opposite economic creed from his own. Expressions of this are the core of his philosophy and the leitmotif of his book: "I never knew a theorist who wasn't a sick man. . . . The white man who doesn't want to work is sick. . . . Communists all have inferior bodies." Of a certain "free thinker," a "tired Thomas," he once knew: "He thought he needed one of the Utopias they talk so much about. What he needed was a dose of castor-oil."

He feels he is made of stern stuff, but of that same stuff all good men are made. It is not pig iron. "Hottentots and Bushmen are pig-iron. They break at a blow." Because the Bureau of Immigration is under his eye, Mr. Davis's metallic standards of humanity are interesting. "Men are like nails," he says; "some have the holdfast will in their heads. Others have not. . . . They must be thrown aside and not used in building the state, or the

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state will fall." Yet there is a certain kindness in his feeling for the immigrant: "The tenderer we treat the immigrant who seeks our hospitality, the harder will we smash him when he betrays us."

He doesn't like "measly savages" and Syrian "gypsies, who travel around cheating, dickering and selling gewgaws that are worth nothing." He does not share the common weakness for the underdog: "Some people say you should cheer for the under-dog. *But that isn't always fair.* The under-dog deserves our sympathy, the upper-dog must be a better dog or he wouldn't have put the other dog down. I give three cheers for the winner." And he spends a lot of time hissing the losers, the weak, the unsuccessful, and the "rat-people" (Anarchists). Nature, as a possible winner, he respects: "Nature is never whipped. . . . She is planning to attack us by a method that is new . . . . . Who . . . . . are the propagandists that Nature is using to undermine the race that conquered her? Communists, slackers, sick men and fools."

Mr. Davis's opinions about the field in which he is now engaged are just what you would expect from the above. His praise of Capital is even higher than his praise of Labor: "Capital safeguards the future." For the settlement of troubles between them he is all for the Golden Rule, since it and "the Proverbs and the Ten Commandments answer all our problems." "The old truths are the only truths, and they are all the guidance that we need." This is perhaps best explained by noting that as a young man, while "studying economic causes," his "outlook was widened" by reading the Youth's Companion.

His love for a world saddened often for him by men who cannot eat hog-fat, by the kind of people who in 1896 went about "teaching bi-metallism, communism, bolshevism and anarchy," is founded on fraternity. In 1888 the Loyal Order of Moose had only two lodges surviving. He was made its Supreme Organizer, and its membership grew to 80,000 in 1910, and kept on growing until now it is half a million. All this was the fruit of a "vision" he once had while "journeying to a mill-town in a freight car," the "vision" of "train after train of happy lodge men going to some happy city." That city now exists. It is called Mooseheart, and is thirty-seven miles west of Chicago. The plant of its school is "valued at five million dollars." This school—a pre-vocational one for orphans—is for the "industrial life; a life that draws no nutriment from Greek or Latin." Its motto is "Industry first and literature afterward," or perhaps "Transportation is civilization." It "teaches art, too." But "What is art without civilization? . . . . You can't eat pictures. You always slice the colored label off the loaf and eat the bread and throw the art away. . . . Keep working and you'll get the chromo."

No, Secretary Davis frankly admits that he thinks poorly of the Higher Life. "This long necked jargon must go," he says. Even, we suppose, if the alternative be rough-necked jargon. He is proud to confess himself a Low Brow: "'Intellectuals' is a name that weak men, crazed with envy, give to themselves."

All right, Mr. Secretary, we'll swallow that, since we are probably intellectuals, yet just the same we'll say that we enjoyed your book thoroughly. We should have enjoyed it a lot more, however, if you didn't happen to be our Secretary of Labor.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Introducing Irony

Introducing Irony, a book of Poetic Short Stories and Poems, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THIS volume should become the gospel of sincere and exasperated futurists. It is sardonic to a degree, is totally unacquainted with the lisps and babblings of marketplace or home, and handles words with the deft remorselessness of a slave-driver. Introducing Irony is far more than a remarkable or disconcerting document. It is the ironic supplement to the more fanciful Minna and Myself, the two together expressing the most mordant poetic genius that America possesses. Not addressing itself to the thinking mass, but rather to the thought-feeling few, it would not know what to do with popularity. We observe in it the same eerie familiarity with the secrets of words that Mr. Bodenheim's work has always shown. If there is any sign of a let-up, it is, possibly, a tendency to slip here and there into the too clever smoothness that has been made fashionable by Mr. T. S. Eliot, as in the lines:

> And so the matter ends; conservative
> And radical revise their family-tree,
> While you report this happening with relief
> To liberals and victorious cups of tea.

It is only rarely that Mr. Bodenheim condescends to such glibness and urbanity. Passages like

> Snobs have pockets into which
> They crowd too many trinkets

and

> Two figures on a subway-platform,
> Pieced together by an old complaint

have that savage exactness of his for which felicity is too prim a word. The ten prose pieces at the end of the volume are less authoritative than the verse. It is difficult to see why Mr. Bodenheim should bother to write these semi-narratives.

EDWARD SAPIR.

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